



# Living in Exile

by  
Jonathan Elliott

Delray Beach, Florida (3,100 miles from home)

In the dream I am on an airplane with Sofia Lauren and she is so beautiful I forget my luggage. We wander through the streets of Los Angeles together and miss buses and one bus I catch and she misses because the stupid driver so I get off at the next stop to find her and screaming through the streets “Sofia, Sofia, where are you?” and I come to a building that I guess is Creative Artist’s Agency and I find her down the street and she says “I can get you a job there.” and I say, “Can you? Well no thanks.” Then we kiss.

best play

corrected and the program  
say really my table  
is not a piece

When I awaken it is exactly 8 a.m. and I am running late for my ride to work. Scott is from Missouri and always prompt so I throw some blue jeans on and one of my father's old fashionable shirts. I quickly down some Honey Bunches of Oats (my favorite cereal).

I wait downstairs at the bottom of the staircase and smoke a cigarette. Every time I light one I tell myself I have to quit these things but so far my self scolding has been unsuccessful.

Work goes all right. We do telemarketing for a windows and siding company that offers home improvements from Cleveland Ohio to Springfield Connecticut. It's hard work to read a script one time after another and expect people to respond. Inevitably, some do and that's where the money is made.

I am sitting on the balcony of the two bedroom apartment the next morning and winds are picking up here in Boca Raton, Florida. On the other side of the keys there is a tropical storm Dennis. It has already ravaged Cuba and Jamaica. Parts of the keys have been evacuated. It's Sunday and I work 2 pm until 6.

Josh comes in to borrow my phone card and he's tired and wants to leave. I've been here at this rehab now three months. Joe and I are trying to talk him out of it. Joe is a heroin user and can't really afford to go out again. Josh goes down to the office to use the phone card and tell his girlfriend he'll stay another month. Later, a few weeks down the line, Josh will get caught kissing Heather and sent to another facility in Atlanta. It's almost one o'clock and I have to get ready for work. Joe says he thinks the hurricane will miss us. I hope so.

The hurricane blew by us with only a broken tree in the parking lot. New Orleans is a disaster zone. People are in refuge everywhere throughout the state. My job as a telemarketer isn't paying very well. My supervisor Chris says I have to memorize the script by Friday or I'm fired. It's really tough business and I would possibly do better if I enjoyed it more. Los Angeles seems a million miles away now and I wonder if I'll ever get back. I really loved my work as a talent agent though I didn't make enough money.

I ended up losing the job as a telemarketer. I tried to memorize the script and fell short I guess. I'm not all that disappointed because frankly the job sucked and now I have some time on my hands to look for a better assignment.

It's the weekend here and a group of us are going to the library. I let one of the

girl's use my card and she checked out some cd's that are now overdue. I have a book on numerology that I have to return.

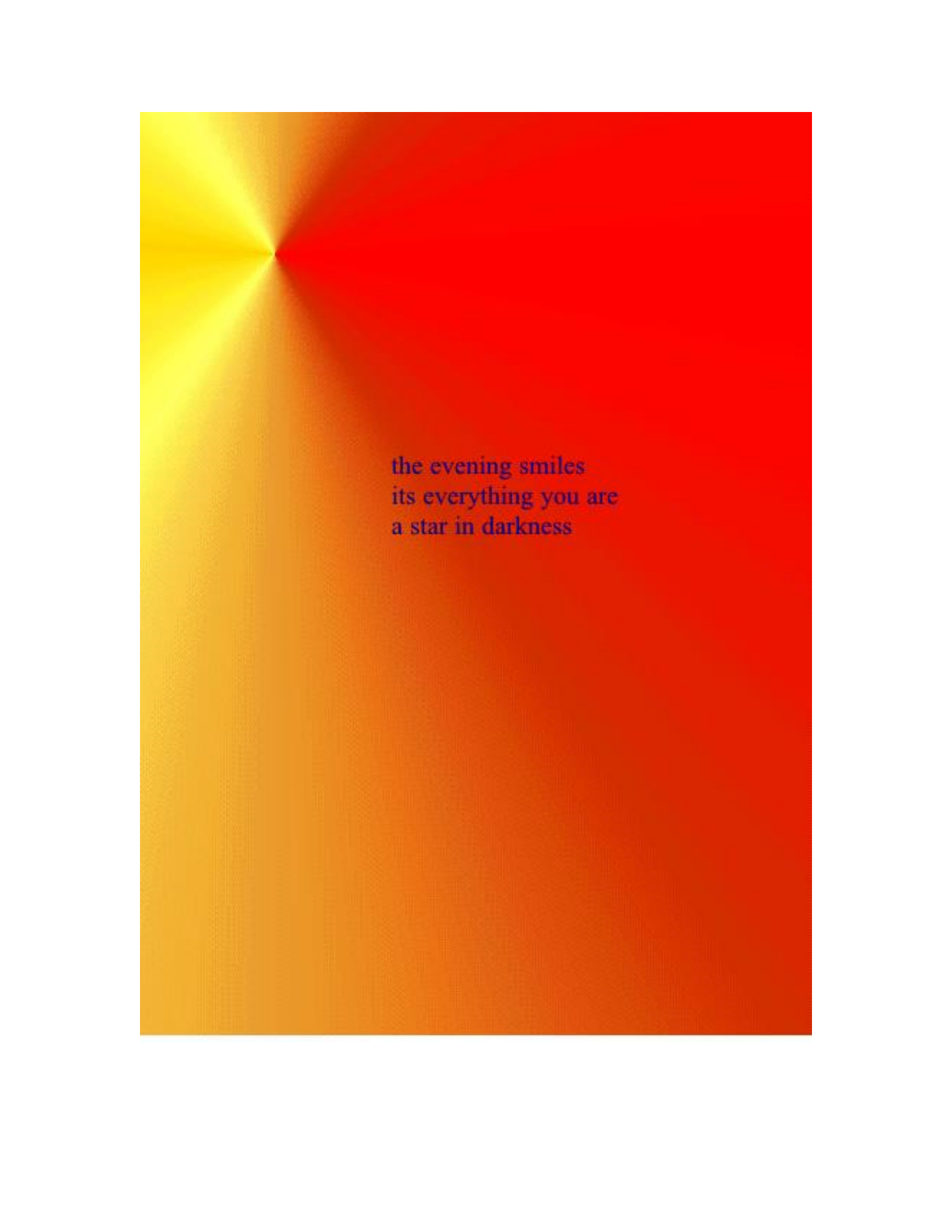
Eventually, all the books and music get returned. I'm still looking for work and it seems a professional position as a paralegal is hard to find.

Boca Raton is hot and sunny. The warm air is without even a breeze and the big hurricanes have left leaving a certain feeling of stillness and calm. It's tough not being able to work and I sleep more than ever now. I'll try to keep more account of my dreams in the future, remember the details.

92west 92east what is the difference? One is eastbound, the other is westbound bus service. At 9:45 a.m. I find myself stuck on the wrong side of the street watching my bus go by. Oh well. I go back to the apartment for a while and watch the Tony

Danza show and he's giving away sun block to his audience.





the evening smiles  
its everything you are  
a star in darkness

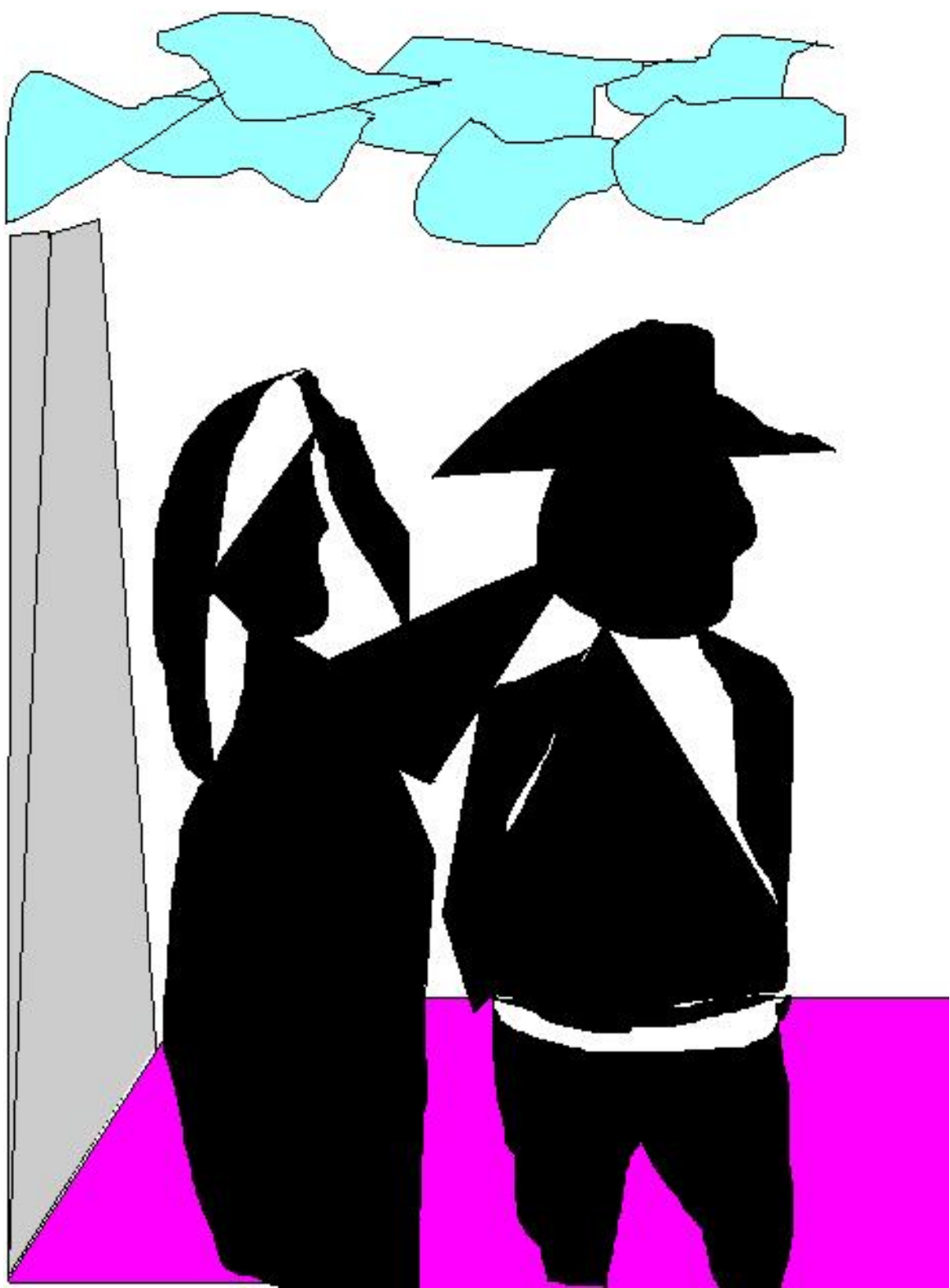
Everything in the world now seems different to me since the passing of my father three years ago. I feel detached almost estranged from reality and often I think of Tanya and her suicide. So much has happened in so little time.

I don't know where to start, where to begin. The Island of Manhattan or California? Europe or the United States? The story could literally begin anywhere. No matter how sad or strange, I guess, in the end, it must be entertaining. Well, to begin with, that was my father's job, an entertainer. As a jazz composer/ arranger he worked for many great bands. My piano playing, although good, was not as disciplined. I had trouble reading the notes. I took more to poetry and writing. I guess, in the end, all arts must appeal to an audience to survive in their form.

Art was like a laborious task for me. The search for a voice within. Art simply astounded me. I always felt cut off or distracted and I know that in order to really create art there must be some level of concentration. That's enough for now. Gotta get back on the bus. I'm going to the City Hall in West Palm Beach to take a test for a paralegal job that I saw posted online. I hope I make it on time. This should be close.

Palm Beach was an extra-ordinary long bus ride but well worth the travels. The city is truly beautiful. All the kids were playing in the fountain and the sun was hot on a summer day. My interview went well and I went to the library and wrote Karine a note in Paris. They have huge glass windows that overlook the ocean and it is one of the most beautiful libraries I have ever been in. Karine is still hoping to make it as an actress in Paris and I hope she gets a good movie

job soon. She needs to express her talents as a comedienne. She is truly funny.



I returned back to the apartments and was promptly given a urine analysis. Later that evening we went to a men's group meeting of alcoholics' anonymous at the ascension church in Boynton. Tomorrow is another day to search for work.

My roommates are cooking pork chops and I'm in my room listening to jazz. It's been a long day and I'm tired. I'll write more tomorrow.

They never called back from Palm Beach but I did get another interview for a small law firm in Boca Raton. It was early in the morning and the lady asked me to stay for the day because her secretary was ill. She paid me a hundred dollars for the day and that was just fine. I worked on some wills and a revocable trust.

On the weekend we all went to the movies and watched Johnny Depp as Willie

Wonka in “Charlie and the Chocolate Factory.” He was good!

The rest of Saturday was a real bore and I read some Wallace Stegner and napped. The place was pretty quiet because my roommates were downstairs playing some video games. We leave at seven pm for a meeting out in the park. Later I’ll cook a round steak and eat some vegetables with it.

It’s been a week now since I last wrote and it’s another Saturday, 6<sup>th</sup> of August, 2005. My father would have been 78 today but he died now four years ago. My sister called to say she is pregnant. How joyfully life is renewed!

The more I think about it, the more I know that I still grieve for my father. I wish that near the end of his life I could have spent more time with him. I was so busy

trying to get my business off the ground that I didn't pay enough attention.

August 12, 2005 11:15 .am.

The meeting at the Ascension church in Boynton is always a good one. Whenever I enter the place there is always a small group of old men talking quietly at a table.

“There's the piano man!” one of them says.

I play a little bit of piano and by the time I'm finished they are all much livelier, shouting with laughter. I think it brings back memories for all of them.

I've been at Lifeskills Rehabilitation Center for a little over four months now. The next step is a half way house. The only thing holding up my transfer is a job. I can't leave here until I've found one. I've had a



few good interviews but nothing steady so far. The telemarketing job just wasn't for me.

We went to the flea market today. I drank a coffee and walked around for an hour or so. I thought about calling Karine when I come back to the apartment but it was late in Paris. My roommate Chris is listening to rap music next door. Young Jeezy.

Him and the other roommate, Jeremy get into a discussion of rap. Jeremy says that he particularly hated Jeezy. The whole thing makes me laugh.

August 14, 2005 4pm

I just returned from the Bank of America where I opened up my first savings account in years. I put all of my earnings from the telemarketing job and the day I worked for

attorney Johnson. It came out to four hundred and eighty eight dollars. That's a good start. Today was the hottest day of the year in Florida. 102. Walking around wasn't so much fun. I really need a new job.

I have a headache tonight. I've been watching television and eating cookies. I took my vitamins and thought that might help. Trent, my roommate, left a few days ago. Theo moved in from next door. He's cool. We get along well. Matt, the tech who works here, just walked in. He says not to worry about the job front, something will happen. I hope so.

August 19, 2005 3:15 pm

Yesterday was four years to the date that my father died. It was an emotional day. My brother called from Los Angeles. We had a long talk and he is doing well with his music. Last night me and some of the guys

played Clue. I lost. Today we went to the market and after that we cleaned the apartment and relaxed at the pool. It was really hot out here and I didn't stay long.

Everything is going except on the job front. They want me to stay another two weeks before moving on to a half way house. Sylvester wrote me a letter that said only "Follow instructions."



10:15 pm

Chris, Tony, Bryson and Theo are all together with me on the balcony and we are hanging out. Theo says he's bored and restless. We go inside to watch some television. It's Friday night and our curfew is later, 12:30pm.

August 20, 2005 9 pm

We just returned from a Narcotics Anonymous meeting. Now I am cooking a Cornish game hen. Miami is playing football against Pittsburgh on television.

September 3, 2005 9:30pm

Just got back from a NA (Narcotics Anonymous ) meeting. It is held in a pagoda outside in Logger's run park. We went to the library before that and I studied Basho in the afternoon. His form is excellent and he is truly inspired. We watched a movie today

“Million Dollar Baby” and it was tragic and painful.

belly button

knees dangling  
say what nonsense emotion  
brings you down to here

September 4, 2005 5:12 pm

I tried to take a nap in the middle of the afternoon but the staff here says they are specifically directed to not allow me to. I guess it contributes to my depression. It is Sunday of Labor Day weekend and the time is going by slowly. I really want to get out of here but I need a job first. A law office left a message on Friday night so I'll call them first thing Tuesday.

September 5, 2005 11 pm

The news estimates over 10,000 people are dead from the hurricane in New Orleans and Mississippi. What a profound tragedy.

Today was Monday, Labor Day. We had a picnic at Spanish River Park and Chris cooked Kabob's. They were tasty. I haven't been writing as much as I did when I was in Texas. Maybe there is less time or maybe I wrote so much there I need a break from it.

I only know that for me writing is a challenge to put my thoughts on the page. Hemmingway once said that a blank page is the most terrifying. I think that's true. Writing is truly an art. It's amazing to me to read things that were written hundreds of years ago and be brought into perspective with the times. The words survive us. They are a vehicle of sorts, taking the audience on a journey with the writer.

September 21, 2005 11pm

I got a job as a file clerk for a law office. This is my second week. The job is good and I'm glad I have it. Last weekend my Mom came to town and bought me a car. It was very exciting.

Last night I had a dream that I was in Los Angeles going out on a date and I parked the car and it was missing. Maybe I just lost my direction, I don't know. It



wasn't scary only strange. I like driving around Florida. It gives me more self-esteem then traveling by bus. I'll leave this apartment probably next week and go into a half way house. It'll give me more freedom and is closer to the job.

September 27, 2005 10:20pm

It's Mom's birthday. Lots of memories of the house and Pop, all the good times. Work is good. I got a car last week, oh yeah, said that already. Anyway, it runs nice. Jeremy, my roommate and I moved into a half way house in Del Rye Beach. It's right near the train tracks. The trains run all night. Wow man! I feel like Kerouac without booze.

There must be more to write. I can't think what. Oh yeah, one of the guys at work likes reading and we talk books. He wants me to read Celina. Probably a good

idea. Death On the Installment Plan should be first.

Work is going well and I enjoy the pace. The people are all nice and things are going well. I wrote Karine in Paris and told her she should visit in March. She answered “Why not?” and that was promising.



September 28, 2005 9:05 am

It's morning and I had some cereal. The Howard Stern show is on the radio and a woman is talking to Howard about leaving her husband. He thinks she is crazy to ask him for an opinion. It's a funny sketch. I woke up and sat on the porch and looked at the beautiful dew. I haven't really noticed the morning dew since I was in Beverly Hills.

September 31, 2005 7:05 am

Jeremy and I went to Deerfield Beach today. It was beautiful. Did some shopping at the market and got a haircut. Tonight I'm going to hang out on Atlantic Avenue.

October 4, 2005 8:40am

I saw my therapist Dawn D this morning. She says I need to get out and have some fun. I guess she's right. Also I have to find a gym for exercising. I think

that's important too. I don't want the journal to fall into the lurid trap of drug abuse details, too many modern writers have covered the subject. The essence to quality in life is living it and everyday we confront new challenges.

Sometimes I just blank out and can't figure out what to write. The weather is good here. It rains, then it's sunny. I want to get back to the beach, I love it there.

Paul H relapsed on math. I gave him a call this morning. He moved into an apartment alone. Big mistake. He should have company in this time after rehab. It's a tough thing to go through.

Work is getting better, more challenging. I like it there. The people work well together and it's a nice environment. The elevator going up is made of glass and it makes me a little dizzy, but other than that,

it's fine. I am writing this morning from a café near work. I come early and get coffee here before the day begins there.

I am having some fun though. I enjoy deeply the process of writing. The idea as being our thoughts, when divulged, live beyond our mortal years and the sacredness of that being incredible. As time moves beyond us, the words remain and there is something powerful to that. To me it is the essence of writing.

There is an immortality to it that is the key. That in a thousand years someone can gaze into the past and unlock it through the words. Dos Passes is a genius about this. When you read his work it is filled with not only descriptions of his physical reality but indications of smell, temperture, sound of the clackity clack of the train rolling by, the smell of the fish in the market. That's what I really enjoy about Dos Passos.

My writing was never that proverbial. I remember reading Dos Passos at the library and thinking to myself, this is a real testament to history, American History.

There's so much more I can say, for instance, I am sitting in a soft chair. There is jazz playing. Louis Armstrong is singing. There is a man in a suit and tie at another table, tinkering on his computer.

New song on the radio now, My Girl. It's 9:25 am. Work starts at ten. Then, Lean On Me comes on the radio. The song is changing and maybe my mood with them. I miss Los Angeles and miss working as a talent agent. Everyone is telling me the career is too much b.s. for me, that I'm better in law. Maybe that's true but I enjoyed agenting and am sad to have to change careers in midstream as a result of the companies' bankruptcy.

I think about getting back into it and staying involved with the motion picture industry but in the end it seems worthless and the majority of us get crushed in the wake of the competition. Not even the courts could help me out of the mess. I learned a lot about government working in show business. I learned about war and drama, love and pain; the clients taught me a great deal about myself and I thank them all for it.

I am dancing around the subject. I still don't know what the subject is. Is it the guy in the tie working on the computer next to me or the guy talking on his cell phone? Is it the guy who left half a doughnut on my table? I can't be sure. It's a matter of attention, dazein if you will.

stains

the rug is stained  
looks like a taco party  
last night in my space

October 5, 2005 9:04am



My roommate Richard made pancakes and espresso this morning. It's Thursday and hard to wake up. Must be the middle of the week syndrome. More storms expected this weekend. I'm supposed to see Theo on Saturday. He's at a new rehab called Renaissance. He doesn't get much out of these programs. Regardless, he's a good friend and I enjoy his company.

I have to get the car inspected for the insurance company. That should go all right. Maybe I'll have some fun this weekend. Who knows. Besides Theo, no big plans. Sitting back at the café, I love to come here before work. The coffee wakes me up a bit. Zit's emptier than it was yesterday. Otis Redding is playing Sitting On the Dock of The Bay.

Undated.

It's nearly Christmas and Florida is still warm. I was eating caramel walnuts at work and I had this memory of our old house and the walnut tree with the old tire swing in it. I have been here since April and I miss Los Angeles. The weather here is beautiful except of course for the gale force hurricanes that leave us powerless for weeks.

I don't know what to say tonight, I feel sleepy, tired from work in the office all day. I am a copy clerk for a big law firm and I enjoy what I do but sometimes I wish I was playing rock and roll.

I don't go out much and sometimes I use the Internet and life is slow and easy here. Sometimes I don't miss California that much. Other times, I have these memories.

I know that I should be writing more but it's been a long time since I really made the effort. I have a lot of nice friends here. There is George, Norman, Sean, Ryan and Chris. Most of the guys are from New Jersey. A lot of people come here from the East Coast. I go to the library on weekends and read. I like to walk along Atlantic Avenue.

These are nice days for me. I have a little bit of money saved for the first time in a long time. I miss being a talent agent in California but what could I do? After the strike my business was bankrupt and I couldn't find work in California. Moving was the best thing for me. At times, I miss my father terribly but he is dead now four years and I have to deal with it.

We watch a bunch of cop shows and it seems like the only thing on television is cop shows. I need to walk more and exercise

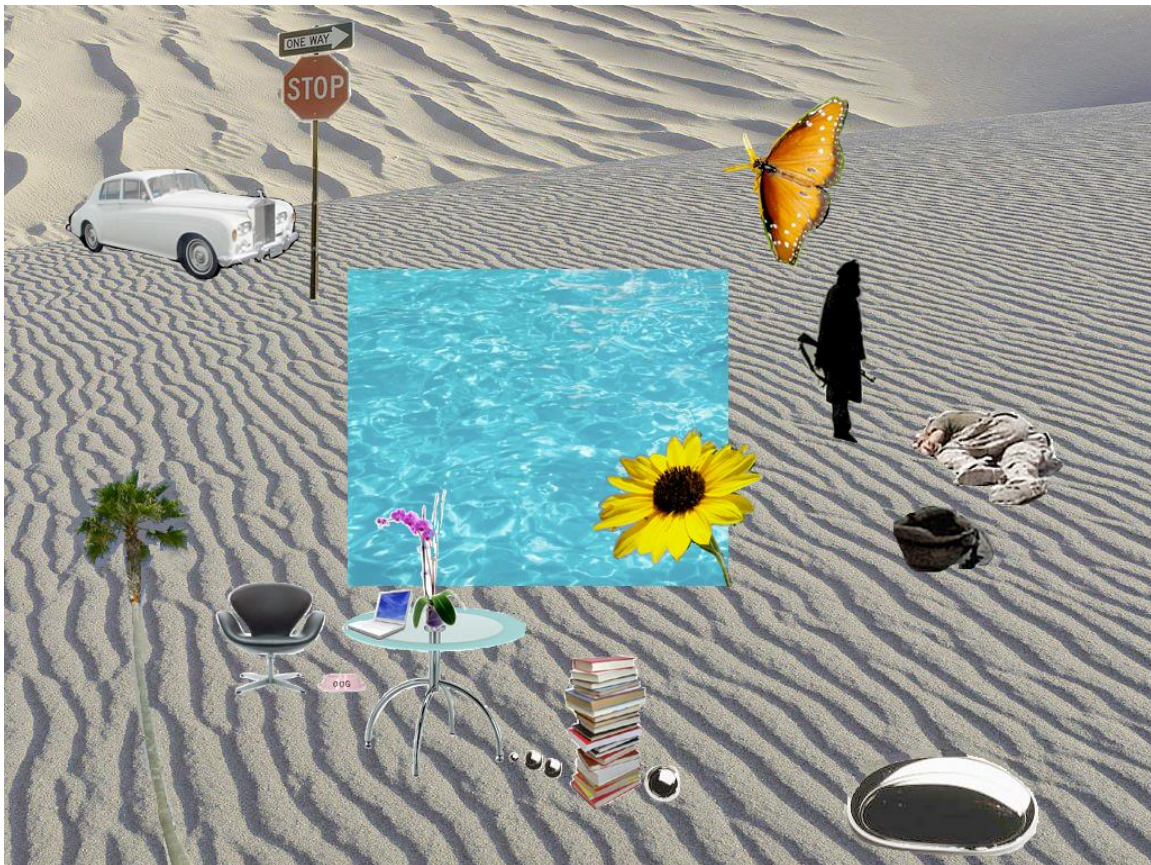
and quit smoking. I now I need to quit but it's impossible.

I wrote Karine in Paris and invited her to visit me in March and she answered "Why not?" so that is hopeful. We haven't seen each other in 12 years so it could be weird but who knows?

She is trying to make it as an actress and I don't want to tear her from her career but it would be nice to visit with her.

It's Saturday and I have to take a drive into town and get a haircut. I hate driving. Right now we're watching "Mississippi Burning" and it's very dramatic. Gene Hackman is good in this film. I ate some cereal for breakfast and took a shower. The landlord Alex just came by and we all gave him rent yesterday so he's just checking up on us. He's a very nice Russian man with a

thick accent and he says he doesn't celebrate Christmas.



There are so many memories I have I cannot count them all. There is a picture I have of my father carving turkey that was the last I took. Sometimes I pull it up on the screen and just stare at it. It's been four years since he died and the memory is still fresh, still painful.

He died in the hospital after a battery of brain scans and other tests. I told him he was too old to go through all that and he should leave it alone. He trusted medicine implicitly though.

After he died I returned to school and got my paralegal degree. It was something to do with my time and in the end it proved practical.

I am doing well in Florida. Things are going nicely. Today is the day before Christmas so I am resting up. Tonight is dinner with a bunch of friends so it should be fun.

Laughter is the best medicine I think. It something I need more in my life. I find myself taking things too seriously all the time since my father died. It's a strange thing to live through the death of a parent, but I guess, in the end, it is a natural thing.

I am forty years old now. I feel old at times. Other times the feeling of youth overwhelms me and I feel like a kid again. It all depends on my mood I guess. Today is Monday. A sunny, bright, clear Monday. It is the day after Christmas and I have the day off. I slept till eleven o'clock, got up and had some cereal and coffee. Then I went to the Haitian store across the street (the one everyone says smells like goats) and got a pack of cigarettes. I tell myself I am quitting for New Years. Who knows. It is a hard habit to break.

I had some weird dreams last night about being a club owner. I don't know how that happened but I know I'll never do that. Dreams certainly can be random at times. I wonder what the next one will be. I don't stay asleep to find out. I wake up with a shower and let the dog out of the house to go to the bathroom.

Before I begin my tale of exile I want to write a bit more about how much I am enjoying Florida. Even though I haven't met a girl yet, it's been fun and I enjoy all the beautiful weather.

I spent the day writing and it was good to have Monday off. I went to the Starbucks and sat in the Square and all the pretty girls were walking around and it cheered me up to be around a lot of people enjoying the good weather.

My roommate came home from work early and cooked eggs. He's mad at the other roommate for leaving his cell phone in his pocket and missing the morning alarm for work. They are getting along now all right though. George is still at work at his job at the Wal-Mart. He's my other roommate. So it's me Kenny, Brian and George. We've gone through a few other



roommates who have been kicked out for using. It's a really strict environment here.

I went to the market and forgot my wallet so I had to come back for it. What a day.

December 27, 2005 6:15 pm

More Johnny Depp movies... "Blow" really an excellent portrayal by Depp and also Pee Wee Herman is rare. Work went by quickly today and I barely watched the clock. It was hard to get back to after a three day weekend but we have another one this week for New Years.

Mom wrote me a letter from Hong Kong saying she is coming home tonight. It's been awhile since I've seen her. It will be good to see her again.

We went to a Cocaine Anonymous meeting and I met my new sponsor Luis. He is always happy and full of life so that's why I asked him to sponsor me. He said to memorize the third step prayer on page 63 of the big book so I guess I'll get to work on that in the next day or two. I have to get a new big book, to tell the truth, I left mine behind in Texas.

The stars were shining bright tonight and I was reminded of that time in Wyoming where I could see entire galaxies in the sky. It's something to be outside of a big city and look up and really see the sky.

I'm thinking about moving out of here soon but I need to deal with first, last and security deposit. It should be a rigmarole. Maybe Mom will help out with that at the end of January.

Sylvester is fighting with his wife and she called me at nearly eleven o'clock to ask how he is. I told her that he is living on the streets in Berkeley and she started to cry.

Sylvester sure put himself in a predicament this time. I don't know how to help. Financially, I'm strapped trying to save up money to get my own place. I hope something turns around for him soon.

Theo and I had dinner at Rotelli's on Christmas night. I had to pick him up at his job at the Banana Boat down in Boynton Beach and all the drunks were shouting at him as he cleaned glasses behind the bar. I'm proud of him, he's come along way since getting kicked out of Renaissance, his second rehab. Now he's staying at Keep it Simple, another rehab and he says his two roommates are shooting heroin in the bedrooms. It must be quite a place over there. Poor kid.


Anyways, I had a pizza and he had the chicken broccoli penne and both meals were delicious.

Atlantic Avenue was still busy and crowded. I love the little streets of Florida for their charm and hospitality. No wonder Hemmingway loved the place so much.

I went to the gym with Ken and on our way over there people were holding up signs saying “Honk if you want to stop the war.” I read in the news that Bulgaria and Ukraine are removing their troops. Smart move by these nations. I wish we could saddle up and get along already.

There is a football game on in the other room and I am writing from bed. I am not so tired but I have to get up early for work. They start around 8:30 and I like to get there early at 8. Tomorrow morning I’ll stop at

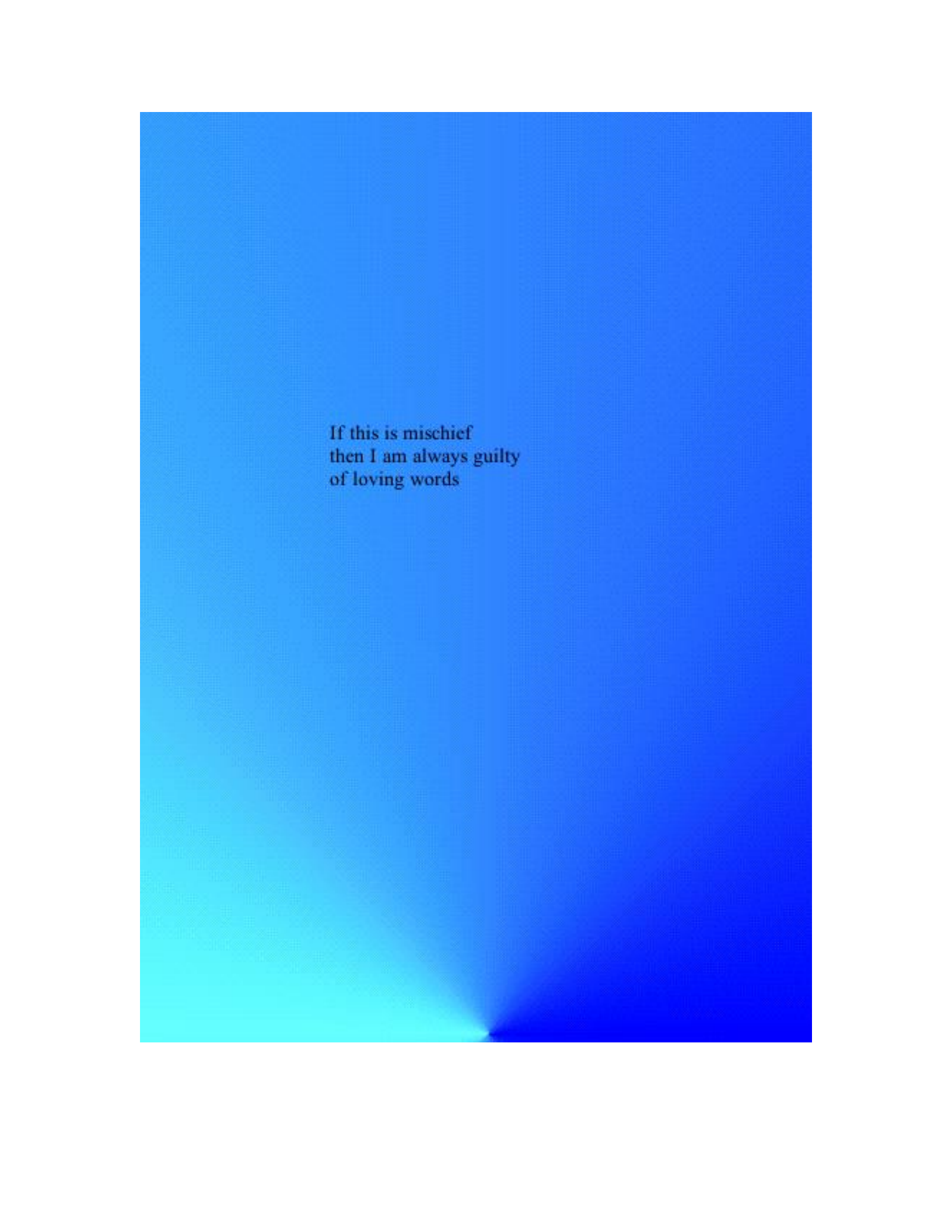
Panera and get some bread for everyone.  
That should score me some points.



glow of evening  
the warm memories  
of love gone

I'm surprised by how far I've come with my sobriety. It's been almost a year since I used marijuana and it sure seems like a long time to go without smoking. I think I'll stay with it. I prefer the lifestyle to that of the pipe. The pipe leads you in bad directions. It puts you in places doing things you normally wouldn't too just to get high and it generally ruins your life. I cannot stress how much I do not want this to be about drugs. I don't want to give drugs any credence at all in this text. I want this to remain a text about life and living it under life's terms.

That's all for now.



If this is mischief  
then I am always guilty  
of loving words



December 30, 2005 6:00pm

The other night I had a dream where I was dancing with my father. He told me things that I cannot remember. All I can remember was the smile on his face.

Before I went to sleep I was listening to Tchaikovsky's fifth symphony and it was always one of his favorites.

For the New Years I resolve to quit smoking cigarettes. It really is a filthy habit and I have to stop smoking, I know my life depends on it.

The week at work was simple and the bosses were only there infrequently. We all

laughed and joked and got along well and it was a nice feeling there in the office. There is Jeanne, who is really smart and from a military family in Mississippi. There is the manager, who hired me, Lori. There is the super hard working Casey who is the youngest in the group, only 23. There is Steven O who calls himself a crusty old clown. There is Steven T who is a boss with Lawrence, his partner. Everyone is really nice and we are a good team.

I stopped at the bank on my way home and got money to pay the landlord, Alex. When I got home the roommates, George, Ken and Brian are at home watching a murder mystery.

The other night I got online and sent a letter to Trisha C. I proposed to her. I know this was crazy and I hope she doesn't think I'm a lunatic because I decided that I really might be in love with her. I was thinking at

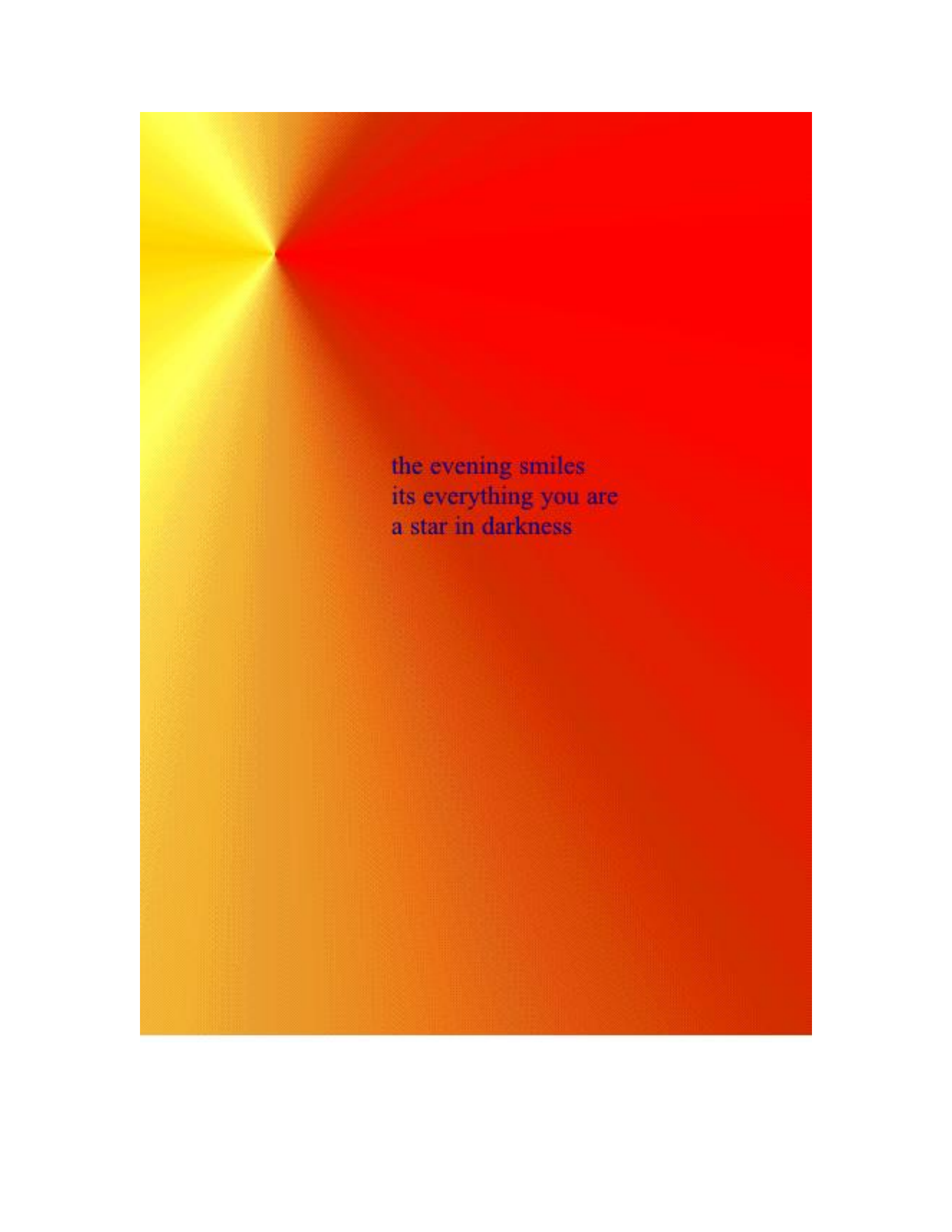
work how to tell her. Then I decided, love is something you don't have to say, it's something you have to do. It's not like words are going to make the emotion any more credible. It all really is a feeling.

Then I got a letter from Karine saying dear Jonathan happy holidays and that was enough to confuse me completely. I'd marry her in a second. I'd marry either one of them in a heartbeat. I love them both. Torn between two lovers. Oh my god.

I read a lot of Henry Miller and I wonder what he would have to say on the subject. I know he loved a lot of women. His books are truly amazing to me. I love the ideas in his mind, the part about not having an envious bone in his body. That really got to me.

I'm feeling pretty good today. I think for a while I'm going to save money before I

make a move from here. I hope I can.  
Things are really expensive around here.



the evening smiles  
its everything you are  
a star in darkness

December 31, 2005 2:30pm

I woke up and went to the beach. It was sunny and good. The weather was beautiful. Only in Florida can you wind up at the beach in the dead of winter. It's really something. I went into the water and it was refreshing. Then I went for some ice tea at star buck's on Atlantic Avenue and found myself bopping around the town looking for that final pack of cigarettes before I give them up completely.

Now I'm back inside typing away. George is in the other room watching a football game. My other roommate Kenny is passed out in the bed next to me. Sylvester calls on the cell phone and tells me everything is shit where he is. He is referring to the weather, complaining of foot surgery, his teeth, his MasterCard, all kinds of stuff. By Wednesday he is hoping to make it to see his wife in Chattanooga. He

says people get into the polemics of things without seeing the storyline. I wonder of that is true. He says things will clarify a bit in the future. I hope that is true. He is waiting for money and has been waiting a long time. I wonder if he'll get it. Who knows?

He says he has improved his diet by getting a little refrigerator. He is living in a cheap hotel in Berkeley. He says all the other tenants are starving and nobody has any food. What a situation.

I'm in a pretty good mood. The weather has me enjoying the life here. It is hard not to. I think about Los Angeles every once in a while and hope I make it back one day. My Mom wants me to stay here I think she feels I am doing better here.

I need to get back to college and complete things for myself. That is a really

important thing on my agenda. Maybe even go back to law school and become a lawyer for Steven and Lawrence. I think that would be a good idea.

Life it seems is a condition of extremes. If I don't go back and continue my education I face a good chance of being poor the rest of my life. That is definitely something I'm not looking forward to. Poverty just doesn't suit me well and it's hard to work forty hours a week and just barely scrape by. That is the condition of the American middle class and it is somewhere I definitely don't want to get stuck in, but low and behold, here I am.

If words could soothe, maybe one day in the future they will make me prosper. I can't really tell yet. I don't think about getting published as much these days as I did when I was sixteen or so. Then it seemed like inevitability, now it seems like a



shot in the dark. The American book market is cluttered by top selling books written by celebrities and marketed to feed the minds of the brainless. I am trying to write to a wider base. I want people to really feel me, you know what I mean? I want it to hit hard, like all the way down to the core of the fiber of our beings. I want to reach into the enzymes of our culture and breathe life into it through perspicacity and rage. I want to rage against death, rage against the tired numbed out culture that perpetrates itself all across the landscape. I like to take trains and watch the sunrises and feel life as it makes it's way into our hearts and minds. That is the nature of instinct, to realize the substance and fabric of being.

I want my thoughts to be bold and realize their potential. I want the audience to realize something about themselves from the very act of reading. I remember reading Brett Easton Ellis as a kid and thinking,

man, this kid is heading nowhere, or at least, taking the audience nowhere. If that was a realization in itself, then so be it, perhaps that is his greatness. I just wanted more out of writing, more out of poetry, more out of life. I want to avoid the mechanical disturbance of our society and reach out for the solutions. I want answers to the grief, answers to the lackadaisical, answers to the tired wasted prophets of politics.

The oil fields in Iraq are burning and nobody there can get gas. They actually have to import the gas. Saddam Hussein is on trial in France and the whole country has turned into a hornet's nest. America is attracted to crime stories. We watch CSI and shows of that nature to feed our gluttony for pain. I don't understand it. It makes me sick to my stomach.

Everywhere you look the world has turned to dope. It really means something

for me to be in recovery and turning away from the actual problem and searching for a solution. It is perhaps the most mature response I have made to otherwise brainless thinking.

It is important to consider that the majority of Americans enjoy the nonsense of television. Our minds turn to the television for solace from the mediocrity of life and we make heroes out of people like Nick and Jessica. It five hundred years people will say Jessica who? Anyway Jessica Simpson is a pop singer who is always in marital problems with her husband Nick and it is the cover of all the magazines at the market.

Then of course there is Madonna, Brittany Spears, Brad Pitt, Jennifer Aniston and a host of other celebrities that Americans watch with baited breath, wondering what they will buy next, what will they spend their earned millions on?

The songs on the radio speak to gangsters and getting shot and hustling dope and relate to the inner city blues that only Marvin Gaye knew how to harmonize. There is a lack of quality to the music now, a lack of this harmony. The music is pulsating with rhythm and beat but lacks the true lyrical structure of poetry in song.

Americans indulge themselves with nonsense. It takes the breadth away. They actively seek distraction. The Internet has opened up a vast new culture of people who barely communicate with each other. People have become strangers even to themselves and are terrified at the idea of meeting new people. Americans have isolated themselves in their homes and work has become a monotony of daily struggle marked by lack of advancement and the great achievements we once made in

science, architecture, physics, seem dead to us now.

Anything you want to buy you can buy online. The Internet is a shopper's paradise and companies like E bay have made millions. Gone are the flea markets and home garage sales. Now the online world has sucked up our energy to consist as a culture. What we need to do is consider ways to make radical improvements in our culture. Perhaps spending more money on education and less on war. The war with Iraq has probably cost of trillions of dollars and getting us nowhere fast.

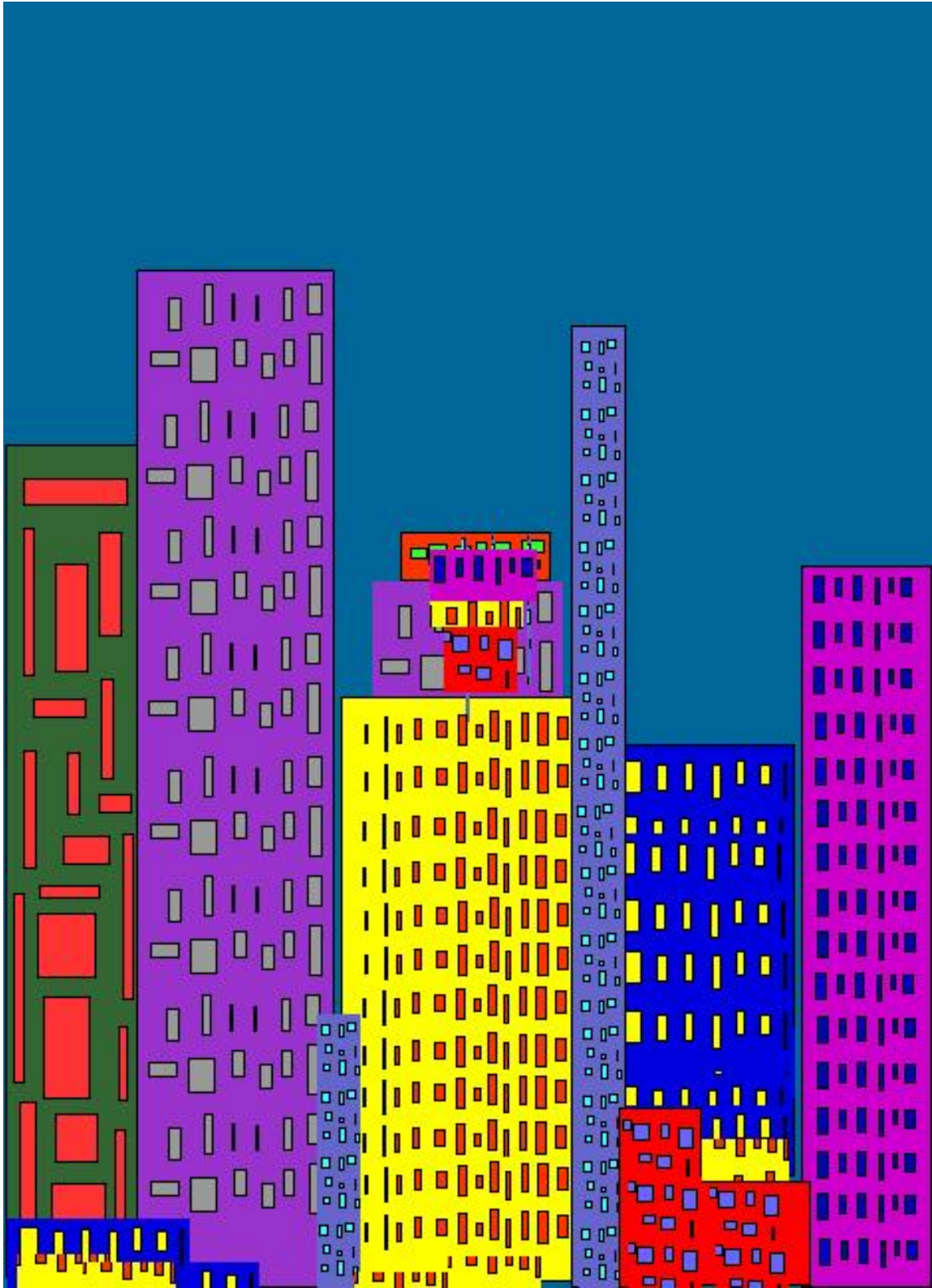
We are a nation locked into the pivot of fear and caught in the grips of historical change that is advancing on us only with the tide of the machinery of war. This is a great mistake. It is a mistake for our economy and a mistake for our citizenry. American Democracy cannot make itself loved by

beating down the doors of Islam. There has to be something more, something more gracious to our tactic of advancement. Especially if we hope to survive in future worlds where leadership is less warlike. Bush is a man of the people but he is warlike and that is disturbing. He is a man compelled to advance the war at all costs to our society and the result is frightening. Our inner cities are left untended and our educational structure is falling apart completely, as is the soon to be pinnacle disaster of social security.

We make our mistakes and learn from them. Hopefully we will learn great lessons from our excursions into Iraq. First, you cannot bring Democracy to a people, it is something that needs an invitation. It's like showing up to a party without one. Who needs the frustration?

I cannot say what the world will look like in a thousand years but I do often wonder if the whole of politics will consolidate into one megalopolis of capitalism. I wonder what this will look like. What will it be like to be born into this brave new world?

It's nighttime here now, around seven o'clock. We cooked some pasta and had a nice dinner. Later, there is a parade on Atlantic Avenue. That should be fun.



January 2, 2006 12:30pm



I never made it to the parade. I slept in. Maybe I got to sleep at eight o'clock. Real early. I got up for New Year's Day and took the Miami expressway towards Cocoanut Grove to see my Cousin Danny. We had a good day by the pool and ate eggs and bacon in the morning. It was a quiet day and one I enjoyed. It's nice to be with family on the holidays. We called my Mom and she was excited to hear from both of us.

I stayed for dinner and left early before the traffic picked up too much. I got home around eight thirty and went to bed early. Monday, today is a holiday from the office so I had the time to sit in bed and do some writing.

I washed my car this morning and checked my email. There was nothing too exciting. My brother sent me a New Year's card that was a funny picture of his dog.

The apartment is really quiet now. My one roommate is at work at the other is at the gym so I have the place to myself. Maybe later I'll take a walk down Atlantic Avenue and see the sights. It's pretty boring today and I know I have to at some time get to the market and pick up a pair of pants I had altered. Those are the simple things in the day that need to be taken care of.

Norm wants me to pick him up some diet Pepsi at the market and gives me \$20. I go to the market and get what I need and get his sodas, pick up my pants and come home. The place is still quiet. Time to take a walk.

The weather is still lovely and I miss Los Angeles still. There is the simple feeling that I'll never quite make it back. That the job markets there sucks and Florida is really a better place for me. I'm lonely though and I haven't met anyone to really give me and support or company since I got here. It's a

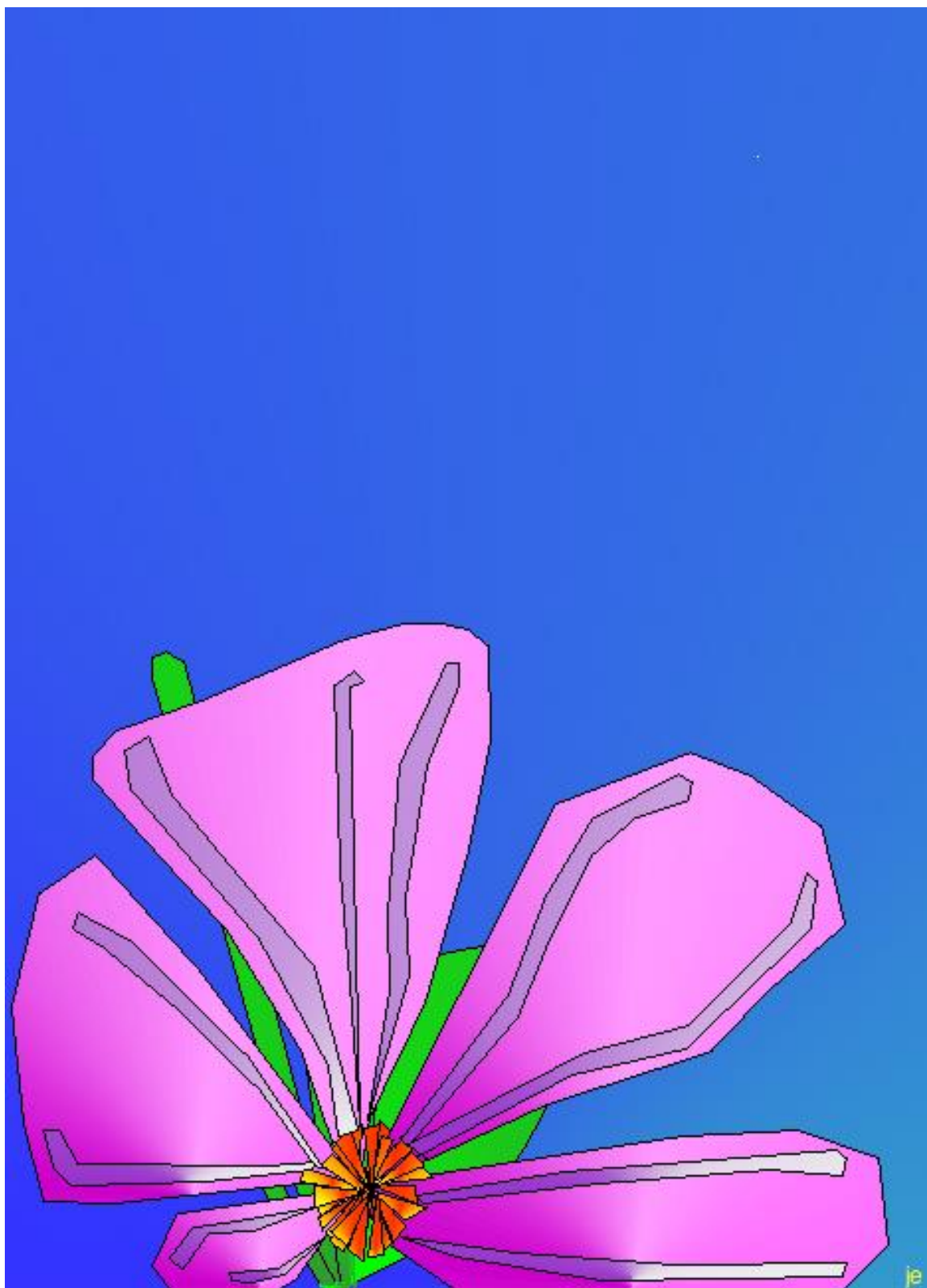
hard thing to be lonely. I don't really like to depend on others but I do enjoy company. There is a difference. I hope I meet up with someone soon. It feels like I'm going crazy. I just need to meet someone and everything will be in order. It's hard to meet people here though and I suppose the older I have become the more shy as well. When I was younger it was much easier for me to meet people. Now it always has to be the right person and one can never really know who that is. So I remain alone. It's a terrible dilemma and I hope I solve it soon.

Relationships are a better part of life and I enjoy being involved with women. I enjoy the comfort and the way they add to life. There is no greater joy then to love a beautiful woman. I speak of inner beauty and not beauty as a physical thing but of the spiritual nature.

Sometimes I think about the friends in my life that never made it. Eric, Joe, Helen, all suicides who couldn't face existence in all its passion and all its fanfare. I miss talking with Joe and Eric and I miss their companionship. Helen was simply a beautiful girl who took her life way too early. We were still in college when it happened and I'll never forget learning the news. It really shook me up. Of course there are thoughts of beautiful Tanya as well and why she decided to give in I'll never understand. She used to let me sleep on her floor and we would wake up and make coffee and laugh throughout the day. Gone are those days now and I miss them very much.

So many people had answers for recovery but the people who genuinely got caught in their drug addictions felt they had no choice. I wish they could have seen what I have seen, the solution, living life free of

that stuff, not getting bonded by it. Life is so much easier without drugs, it's a shame I ever got involved with them. They took years out of my life. I don't want to glorify their use in any way throughout the course of this discussion. Without them, I would still have a Joe, Eric, Helen, Tanya, many others.



January 4, 2006 9:30pm

Another long day at work. Went to a Alcoholics anonymous meeting afterwards and cooked a steak with George. All in all, uneventful. There is a football game on now and I'm already in bed.

I bet Trisha never even got my e mail. The one where I proposed to her, remember? Anyways, no word from her. I tried her by telephone and nothing. Oh well. What can you do? Live and learn. I'm not going to get all emotionally broken down by the process of finding a person to spend the rest of my life with. I think that I am a good person and any woman would be lucky, lucky to spend the time with me. If they can't see or understand that, well all I can do is hope the right person comes along. I'm

not blaming her for not returning the call but it was upsetting. All I ever did was try with that girl. I wonder what goes on in their heads?

Anyway, she is a gorgeous girl and I was lucky myself to know her. What a bright smile and shining eyes. What was I thinking though, when I proposed? Certainly I don't know her well enough. If I did I would have gotten a returned phone call at the least. Maybe she is ashamed of herself, the way things worked out. I don't know. I guess I will never know. Never try to understand a woman. That is a fatal error. Who knows, maybe she'll finally, in the end, get the message and call. I'm not counting on it though. I just keep moving on. I wonder what Karine will think of marriage? I think she just wants a friendship. That's why I asked Trisha. I genuinely felt an attraction for her. It was not for years that I decided I



was in love with her. Karine was different. Karine I felt that way instantly.

In the end I am still alone and wondering how long this will last. Florida is a lonely place for me. There is the work that keeps me going and still I need more to be satisfied.

Perhaps I should take up scuba diving or find a hobby to keep up my interest.

If there is one thing that I realized in life is that women come and go. A man has to be able to stand alone in order to truly be a man. While the presence of a woman is truly blessed, it is not ordained. A man has to find emotional stability from within and only then can he look towards a woman for love.

January 4, 2006 7:50pm

Another long day at work. Came home and had a sub sandwich with George. The Rose Bowl is on television. USC against Texas. It should be interesting.

Work is a grind. I miss Los Angeles but I know the work is out here.

I wish so much I could go back but really there is nothing for me.

I'd like so much to be playing music but there is no money in it. My brother is making music for movies and television and complains bitterly about the money. I know I should put the dreams aside and go to law school or something but it's a big commitment. Especially at my age.

Finding one's place in the world is not easy. My friend Steve O was talking with me at work today and he mentioned that Nietzsche commented that the more we are

sentient beings the more isolated by culture we become. I think to an extent that is true.

So often I feel isolated by the world and writing is certainly a professional isolation. While at the same time it is a means of connecting to the perplexity of society the very habit of writing is a continuum of isolation. After all, one has to be truly alone in order to accept one's own thoughts. That is perhaps the greatest struggle of the artist. The leap into self-discovery. To become familiar with the self and to realize at every level it's heightened complexity.

The masses of beings shy away from this and prefer the conundrum of the mundane. Perhaps this is a safer mode for most and that is why the great majority lives in this. I think the artist is a different type of person, a person who struggles to realize the self and express that self throughout the continuation

of time, in essence to realize certain immortality.

The nuances of life are the artist's domain and the meaning of each fractal becomes of extreme relevance and gargantuan measure. While we all seek to refine ourselves, the artists seek to define themselves and are unconcerned by refinement. That is why so many are known as hedonists and wild pleasure seeking fanatics.

For myself I am content to live simply and enjoy life's pleasures as they come. I fail to extend myself in a lot of ways where this is concerned and Dawn was right, I do need to go out and have more fun because that's all of what life is about in the end, really learning to enjoy oneself in the society at large.

If life is an escapade I often wonder what the afterlife is. Of course the Egyptians have vast rituals and religious symbolism describing this adventure but I wonder if after all is said and done, we really do live in the afterlife and what happens to the spirit or the soul of human kind once it has been devoured in it's mortal sense?

Once we have realized our potential as human beings on this planet, then what?

What is the extent of our domain in the wilderness of space? Do we relive our past experiences at the moment of death as many describe or do we simply pass along into a greater sentience at one with all things?

These are the questions that haunt my mind as I seek resolution to my suffering. The Buddha said that all of life is suffering and if that is true, then truly there is no end

to it. I wonder if things can be that desperate. In reality isn't loving a certain freedom from the bondage of suffering?

Then there is Artaud who spoke of annihilation and the idea that everything is ground into dust and nothing more. I think this is a purist sentiment and would rather believe in more extravagant notions akin to those of the Egyptians where life expands into an ever increasing drama of effect and consequences living beyond the spirit and the soul. I wonder what is the meaning of soul? Is it something we take with us like luggage on a vacation? Perhaps this is thinking too simply, making too much light of the idea.

I only wish to realize the essence of soul, to understand how the soul lives peacefully among other souls. This is especially important now, I think, at a time of global war. As Nations fight against one another

tied to extremism by religious beliefs I wonder how the soul becomes unified and how the spirit realizes this unity.

There is a dimension I think to unity. It has to be imagined, at first, and then realized. Only by meditating on the ideal of unity can the spirit of humanity ever hope to once day achieve the consequences of peace.

What would be the consequences of peace? Would it not bring a larger productivity into our economy and make the struggle for education and prosperity a closer reality to the majority of people. Is a Nation that is naturally inclined to war destined to realize its full potential as a culture? Certainly not.

Destiny has a way of providing limitations to hostility. Fate has a way of smashing down the impulsivity towards

aggression in search of an equilibrium much like water seeks a level.

January 6, 2006 8:15pm

“If you do what you always did, you get what you always got..” George tells me as we come back to the house. We are talking about Kenny who is unemployed and not looking for work. Alex is about to kick him out. He just likes to hang out all day,

We are moving into another place on 4<sup>th</sup> Ave. It's a nice place, bigger. There will be eight of us over there. It will be nice to meet up with some new people.

It helps to make new friends.

We are watching Kiefer Sutherland in 24 and we've been watching now for a few months. The whole first three seasons. It's



a fantastic show and thrilling every minute. Kiefer Sutherland is really dynamite in the series. What I like about the show is the elaborate plot development and the drama of the storyline is wonderful.

I remember when I was a child working in a sweater store and selling a sweater to his father Donald a Sutherland. What a big man he was. I remember he was very nice and of course his thick accent. Later I saw him in Casanova and thought he was a really remarkable actor.

January 9, 2006 9:40pm

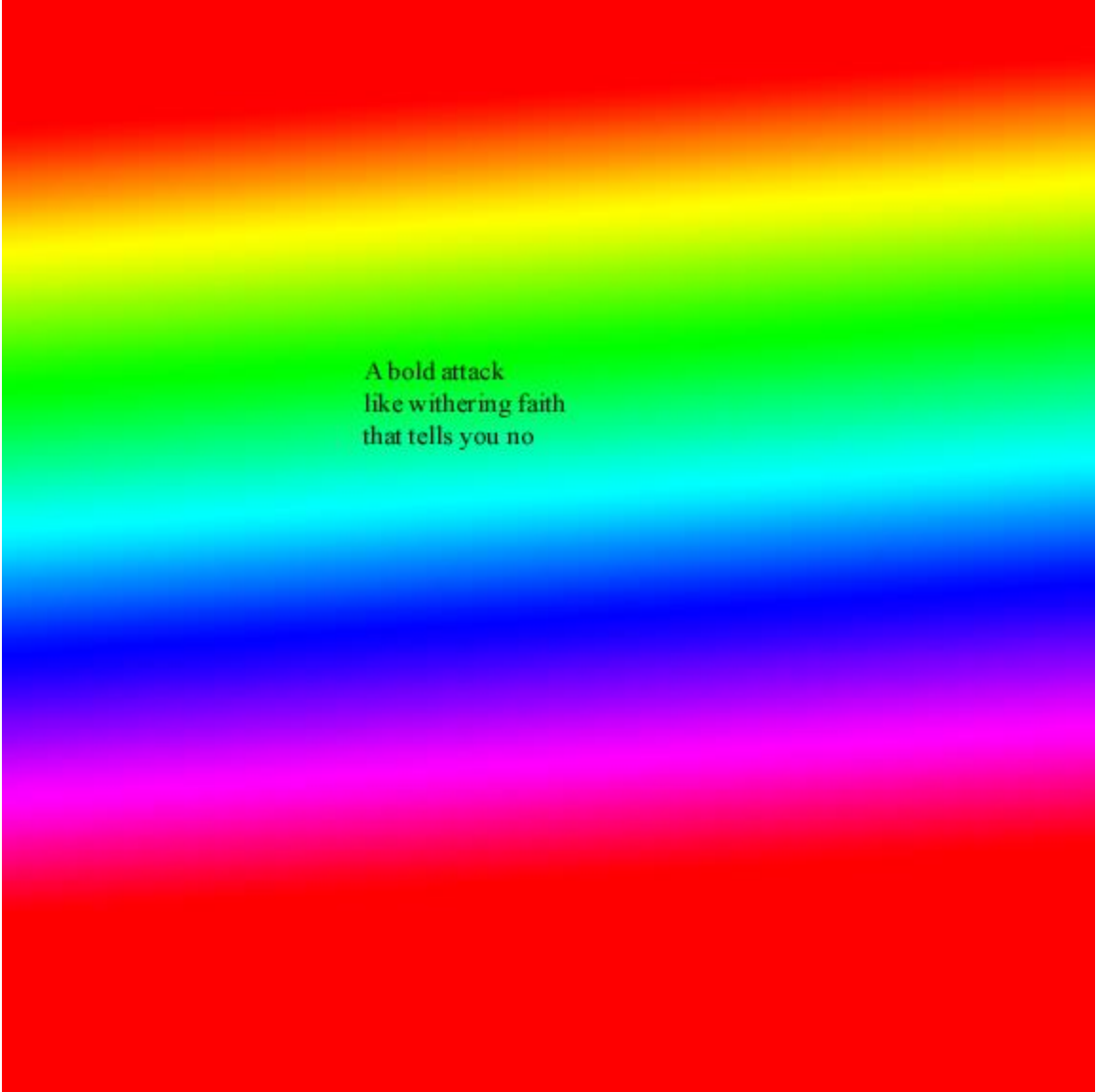
We moved into a new house down the street. George and I packed all our things and made it in four trips. Most of my stuff was in luggage and boxes. Work went well and I met with Dr. Benaroche afterwards.

He asked about Christmas and if I was lonely during the time and I explained that it wasn't too bad.

It's always a pleasure to see him. We only meet for fifteen minutes or so but the time is well spent.

Work went well and there was a lot to do. The time goes faster when I am kept busy. I ate some Mcdonald's for lunch and had a steak for dinner. The internet isn't connected here so there's no use of the computer beyond writing for myself.

I had a dream of Karine last night and I can't remember the details of it. I think we were in Paris together, it was all unfamiliar to me.

A vertical rainbow gradient background, transitioning from red at the top, through orange, yellow, green, cyan, blue, and magenta, to red at the bottom.

A bold attack  
like withering faith  
that tells you no

I have been writing some poetry over the last few days and that makes me feel better. It's always a good feeling to be creative. I have tried for many months to write without success and finally I started a few brief poems.

There isn't much more to say tonight because it's getting late and I'm tired from all the moving. The new place is nice and there are four other people in the house, soon to be eight total. It will be nice to meet and interact with a bunch of new guys and make friends here.

There is still the quiet and restless feeling of isolation that clutters my life. I am trying not to be depressed about it. Dr. B wanted to know if I was dating yet and I said that I guess I'm not ready. The truth of the matter is that there isn't anyone I've really met that I am interested enough to start dating.

I really need to finish Marquez's book "Love in the Time of Cholera." I had been reading it avidly a few months back and put it down. It's a really good book and I certainly want to finish it in good time.

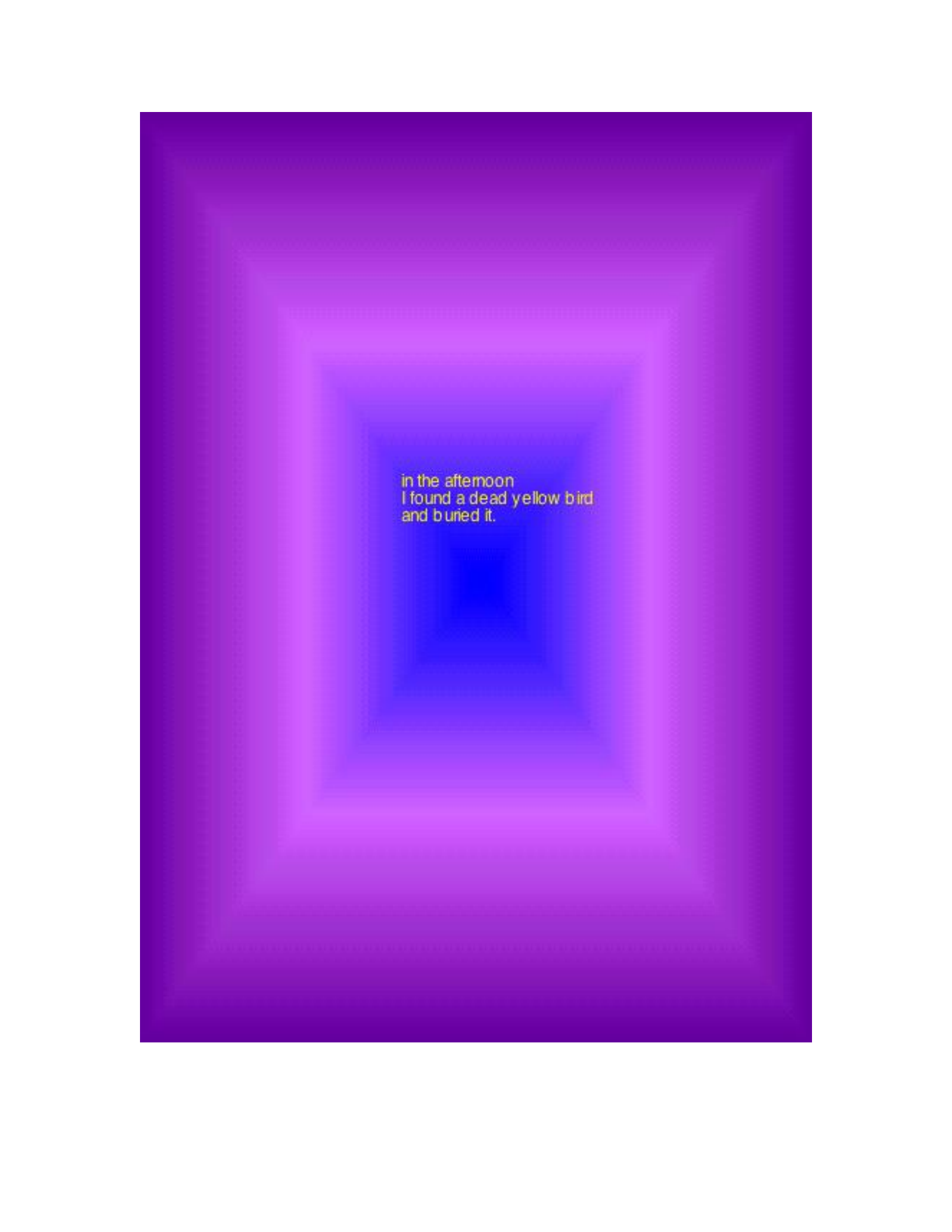
I need to call home and check in with Mom. She called a few days ago but we really didn't spend much time talking. My sister Joanna is pregnant and will be having her baby sometime in February. My brother Alan is writing music and we write each other all the time online.

Well, it's getting late. That's all for now....

January 10, 2006 8:20 pm

A cold rainy day in Florida, very unusual. Work went by and George and I went to a Cocaine Anonymous meeting. Not that cocaine is my thing, but it does deal with the idea of addiction in general so it was fine for me. Everything is going well at the new house, tomorrow the television installation will be completed so we'll have that.

The mornings are really beautiful here. I remember reading this week in the “Diamond Sutra” that Buddha and Sibhutu are talking about enlightenment and the Buddha says that once a man has tackled his senses, he can come to a greater recognition of the delights in the world around him. I think that is really true. I want to tackle my senses as well. I really want to quit smoking finally and learn to appreciate the world around me for all its fullness and grandeur.



in the afternoon  
I found a dead yellow bird  
and buried it.

To me, smoking is the worst addiction. Worse than any drug I could ever get hooked on. I have lived with them for years and the time has come to give them up. I know this is not an easy process but I have to challenge myself to complete this task.

Last night I had a dream that my old friend Christian Stone was in. He is a brilliant singer and lives in Los Angeles. In the dream, he was living as a pot dealer and I was asking him if I could help. It was really strange because I think that Chris is sober now. So I woke up feeling that I had been in an awkward situation. I am happy doing honest work. It may be confusing at times and at other moments boring to tears, but at least it's honest labor. That is the most important thing for me to consider at this time. Even Henry Miller worked at petty jobs in the Western Union and such. I can't let myself down in terms of the artistry of what I create and know that it has



no attachment at all to my work situation. I must continue to write and express myself because that is the life giving force to me. What I have learned is that if you are not creating, you are stagnant and there is no expression in this point of view.

I got a letter from a girl in Russia who says that both her parents were killed by terrorists and that all the Russian men want is sex so she is looking for a man in the United States. It was a sad compelling letter that left me realizing how far away we are as Americans to true tragedy in the world. How lucky we are to have our mundane lives with the safety we enjoy in the world.

I wrote her back and told her a little bit about myself and got another letter in response that I haven't had the time to read yet.

One of the most incredible things about the internet is the ability to communicate

with people all over the world. In a sense it brings us closer to each other, yet there is still a tremendous fear factor of actually meeting the people we communicate with and in this sense I think that the system drives us farther apart.

George is cooking catfish in the kitchen and the dog is sick so has to take medicine with his food. Last night we were feeding her part of our steaks and Alex got mad because he says we can't feed the dog human food.

Florida is truly the land of Hemmingway. He has a house in Key West that I haven't seen yet but everywhere you go there are memories for me of his great works such as "Islands in the Stream."

the clown is laughing  
as he bursts his balloon  
you walk to work

I am writing from the bedroom and the place is quiet now. The boys are about to sit down and watch “Boogie Nights” the movie about the Los Angeles porn industry. I’ve seen it already so I’m not all that excited about it but it’s better than nothing.

Brian is upset because he cleaned the toilet yesterday and somebody pissed all over it. These are the problems of living with other people. George told him to set his boundaries so a person knows. Brian is really mad about it.

Things quiet down and Brian starts to relax. We all smoke a cigarette and get ready for dinner.

I think the most important thing that I fear is my life becoming mundane. I know that I need to keep writing in order to prevent everything from slipping into mediocrity. There is something to be said

about contemplating one's place in the universe. I never wanted to write for plot or script or sensation or anything like that. I simply feel the need to express myself as things go along from day to day.

One thing that this means is having a degree of sincerity about the writing. Even to explain the simplest of things requires a certain degree of talent. If it's the smell of the catfish or the knock of the door from the landlord, everything that happens has a degree of relevance to the storyline when a person is trying to be truthful about the incidences relative to one's life.

I was on my way to lunch today and I was thinking about my days in New York City. I remember all the fine architecture and the feel of the big city and in some ways I miss there too. It was an interesting experience working as a clerk on the New York Stock Exchange. Many days go by

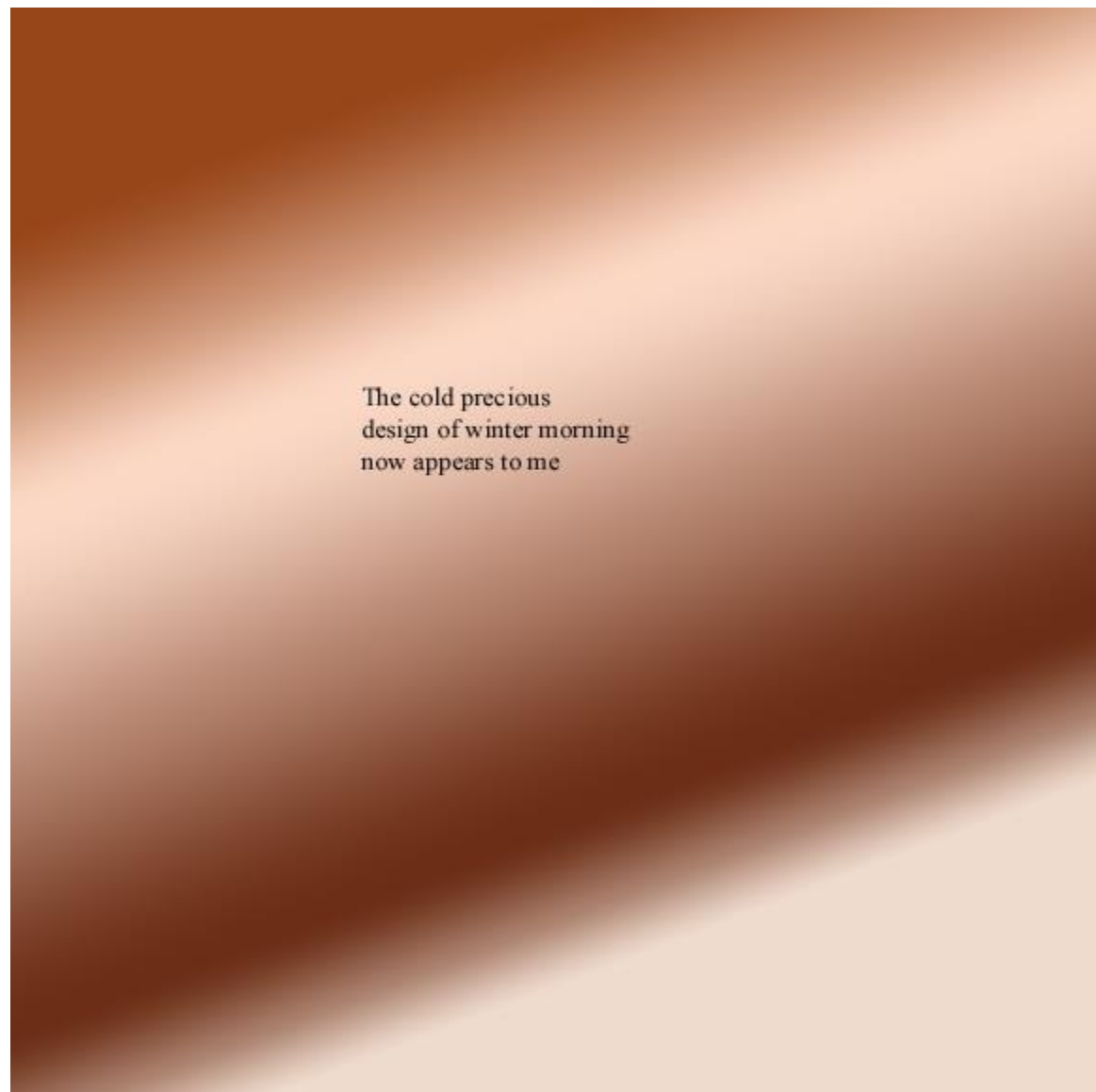
where I wished that I had stayed and become a broker down there but I don't always miss it. I was making very little money at the time and living in my cousin's loft one summer and the next year I lived in the Law School dormitory at NYU.

Lunch was quiet and I returned to work to complete a trial book for an upcoming hearing. The job requires making six complete sets of books that are all the same and the work is arduous at best.

When I came home I stopped at the market and picked up some pork chops for dinner but when I got home George said he had taken out the Catfish. So dinner is almost ready and we all enjoy it after awhile.

Alex is in the living room reading the rules over to a new tenant. He says the phone man won't install the jack for another

two weeks. I don't really mind because I have my cell phone. Brian is doing the dishes and George goes outside with the dog to have another smoke.



The cold precious  
design of winter morning  
now appears to me

The place turns real quiet for the next few moments and it's good because in this quiet I can really think the best. One thing I

am most interested in is really defining myself through my literature. To really come to a degree of self understanding for the sake of my own self-preservation. I think one of the special parts of life exists in listening to one's self. Oftentimes we can spend our lives being over critical of others while not really truly understanding our own nature.

If I had my druthers, I mean if things were really going my way, I would like to own my own home one day and be truly self sufficient from the creation of my art. I used to want to be a great painter and be recognized for my work but now I am more interested in becoming a great artist and the dynamic of that includes my writing, my music and the painting. I haven't been able to freely paint since college and I miss it enormously. Soon I'll move out of here and maybe I'll have the time and resources to get back into the routine of painting. It is

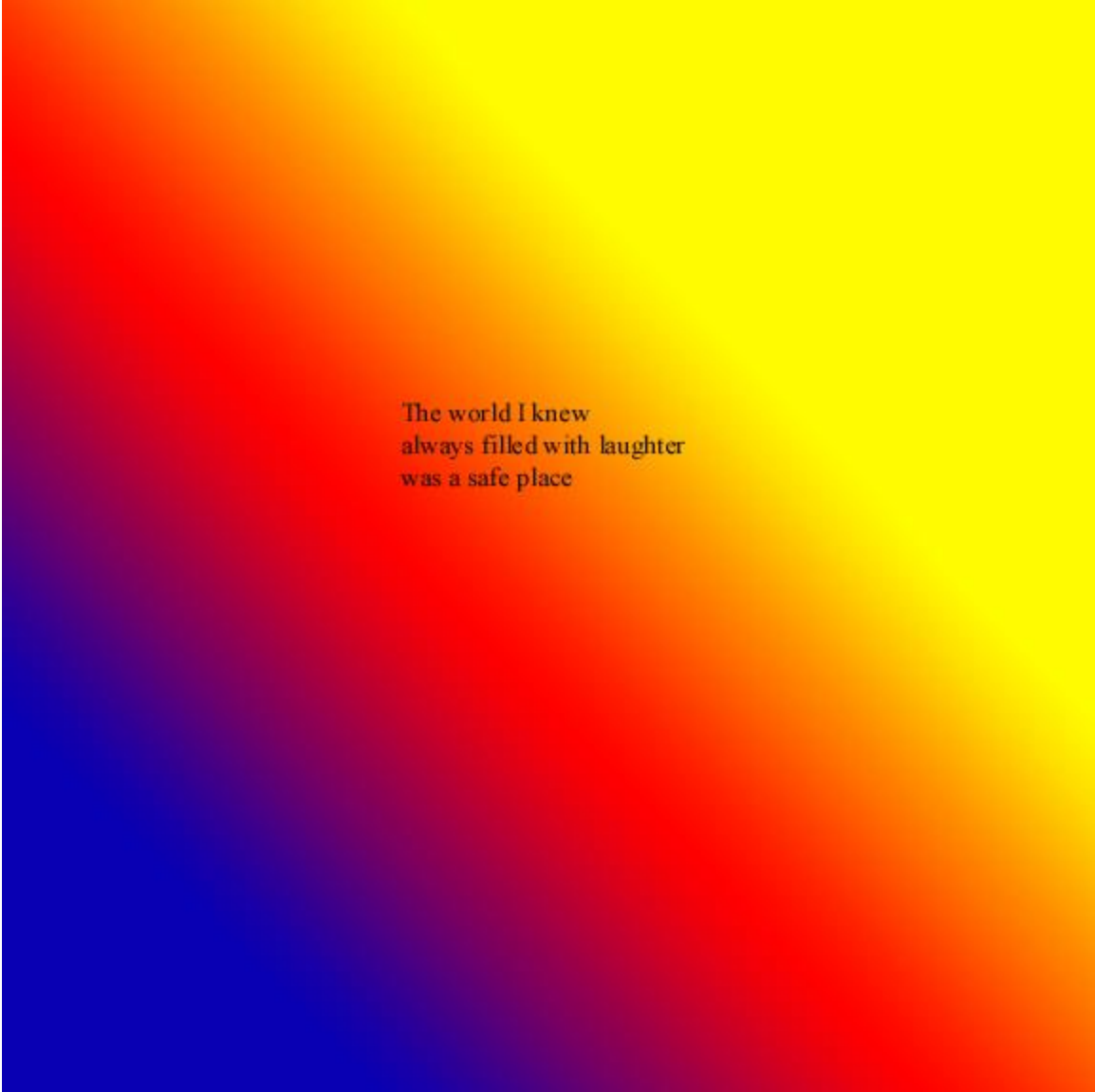


something that has to become like a habit. Also, it is something that one has to study and learn how to do. Painting in many respects is about learning to follow instructions because of course most of the technique has been laid down before us by great masters.

One of my favorite painters is a man who lived in New York during the twenties and painted through most of the great depression. His name is Reginald Marsh and his more famous works include “The Twenty Cent Movie” which is a look at an old movie house and the crowds of people moving along the street and into the theatre. He has several good paintings of the audience in an opera and many others of Coney Island. His vibrant colors tell the story of his age and he is truly a master of his generation. Of course there are the greats like Rembrandt, Degas, Van Gogh, Picasso, all who I have studied and learned

but I never think I can truly recognize that type of quality in my work. Who knows, perhaps it is only a matter of trying and time.

I think the thing I miss most of Los Angeles is the nightlife. When I was there I was always out dancing. I used to love to dance. To me it was my greatest form of exercise. Now I don't go out anymore and my isolation has led to a terrible sentiment of loneliness. Not the loneliness of a Van Gogh or the insanity of a Beethoven but a large looming depression has created a void in my life and I know after all, that void is the distance of time and missing my father.



The world I knew  
always filled with laughter  
was a safe place

January 11, 2006 6:30pm

I arrived home late from work as there was much to do. Nobody was around the house so it was all quiet. Just the way I like it. Nothing special happened today, nothing spectacular or out of the ordinary to report.

We are cooking chicken tonight and I am going to stay in and rest. For some reason I am really tired and don't want to go out anywhere.

I really need to call David soon and get together with him and play some music. He is a really great bass player and we play well together. It's always fun to work with him. He was really sick for a while and getting over a car accident that left him without wheels but I should make the effort to go see him. The last time I think I saw him was Christmas Eve.

today is alive  
the fragrance of yesterday  
still in the morning

I haven't talked to Theo or Paul in awhile either and I should give both of them a call. It's hard to keep in touch with friends when all you do is work and sleep. I have to make the effort to get out more.

Besides the beach and dance clubs, there is a beautiful Japanese garden in Boca Raton. It's not that there isn't plenty to do in Florida, I just have to make more plans and get out.

January 12, 2006 7:50am

The sunsets are gorgeous in the morning. You can hear the birds along the trees as they sing in between passing cars. I have to be at work soon so I can't write much.

Everything is peaceful in the mornings and it makes it difficult to get up and face the day. I'd rather be in bed sleeping half

the time. Once I'm up, I'm usually up though.

Shower and shave, get dressed in a nice pair of pants and a tie for work.

The kids are all on their way to school so we see them walking by. The school is just beyond our street on a corner.

Now that Howard Stern is off the air I don't have him to listen to anymore on the way to work. I really miss his sarcasm and humor. David Lee Roth is trying really hard to replace him but Howard is someone we all got to know over the years and the transition will be difficult for him I'm sure.

I have to finish up now and be on my way... I'll try to write a little bit more later.

6:24 pm

Back home from work. I stopped at the market for some spaghetti sauce and Mom called while I was on the road on my way home.

I was thinking about all the events in Los Angeles that led to me leaving. First, of course, there was the talent agency and starting my own business, getting called crazy by my competitors, ultimately being forced out of the market by all the bad sentiments, the lawsuit for defamation that I lost and not being able to find work for years after that.

Florida has been good to me in that sense. I enjoy steady work and a place to live. There were days in Los Angeles when I was living on the streets and that was a difficult existence. I've come so far since then it seems a million miles away. Then there are thoughts of all the people who left my side and what a betrayal this was and



I get upset about it but I know that I have to get on with my life here in Florida and put the past aside.

The difficult part is to think about the friends who left. The people who suddenly wouldn't return phone calls and the clients who left the minute things turned bad. Hollywood is a fickle business and perhaps I just wasn't cut out to be an agent.

The business of agenting was fun though and I enjoyed the work. It was fun getting people work and especially the part where it was my business and I was working for myself. There is no greater freedom in America than running your own business. I am sorry things didn't work out there, but hopefully I can make a life for myself here in Florida. I enjoy the people I work for and the agenting seems a million miles away.

Sometimes I turn on the television and see what's going on and it only hurts my feelings more to think that I used to be involved with the industry that creates stars and now I am apart from that.

I once envisioned myself becoming like a Thalberg, the agent who represented Marilyn Monroe. I have tremendous respect for his career as an agent and it seems a shame that people didn't respect my position and denigrated me into a position of bankruptcy. I ask myself a thousand times a day why people are so mean and I never come up with any answers. I guess it's just the nature of show business, the competitiveness.

One of the greatest things about working for yourself is setting your own hours. The other aspect is not having to answer to anybody but yourself. When you work for yourself the work product is entirely your

own and you are responsible to you. That is what I loved about the work.

When I was working as a talent agent I had a small one room office on the twenty seventh floor of a nice building near downtown Los Angeles. In the room, I had a computer, with a scanner, a digital camera, a fax machine, a television and stereo. The place was an electronic paradise. I could literally take a picture of anybody and sort it through the machine and apply them for work.

People talked about how I was in the business just for sex and the truth is I never dated my clients. My interest was in getting people work and people twisted my motivations in the marketplace and left me without work. That is the reason why I decided to carry through with the lawsuit. Anyway, it failed and I was delivered into bankruptcy in my third year of business.

All the other people who worked in the building were primarily Korean. I think I was one of the only white people in the whole office building. It was fun working alongside another culture and I miss the good times joking with all the Korean attorneys who were always fascinated by my business. As an agent, there is no end to the number of clientele you serve and I had nearly fourteen hundred clients my first years. None of the attorneys could understand the volume I was working with. It is funny to consider that the whole office was organized from my laptop computer. All day long the fax machine would spew out paper with the days work and I would select photographs that fit the descriptions of characters they were looking for and package these up to be delivered the next day. The phone would start to ring by about ten o'clock in the morning and I would

always take the morning subway from Hollywood to Vermont Avenue.

I really loved living in Hollywood and I had a small studio apartment that was actually across the street from the first agency that I had worked at. Hollywood was always filled with the wonder and excitement of premieres at Grumman's Chinese Theatre and I would see the photographers and the red carpets and my dream was to be a part of that excitement. It was really crushing to lose the agency and I had to take a step back and regroup myself.

I returned to college and got my paralegal certificate at the advice of a therapist who said I should consider a new occupation.


I enjoyed going back to school and I was always on time. I moved in with my friends

Blaine and Hope and Blaine works as a music manager and Hope is in marketing. We all got along well and school was about six months.

After I finished my paralegal work I got a job with a man named Boris who was very impatient and fired me at the first sign of error. After that, months went by without work and by the time I turned around I had been out of work nearly two years.

In Florida I found a job within three months and I have been working ever since.

Hope and Blaine eventually got married and I still talk to her on the Internet from time to time. The funny thing is, after giving me so much heart to heart talk about getting out of the business, she actually ended up working at the Paradigm Agency.

A horizontal bar with a smooth rainbow gradient, transitioning from red on the left, through orange, yellow, and green, to a light green on the right.

signs of war  
in strangers crying eyes  
remember love

January 14, 2006 11:20am

Slept in until eleven o'clock and had a dream of Don Reynolds (who recently died). He is a friend of my Mom and Dad's who had a big house around the corner. I dreamed we were eating chocolates and drinking at his place. We had many nice nights there and it was just a while ago that he died. Anyway, I awakened in a strange mood, you know, missing things in my life. It was kind of depressing but I decided to write about it and maybe that would help. Brian cooked us bacon and eggs and that was a nice surprise. It was strange though, to dream of those days when the family was all together and life was so sweet.

We used to do everything as a family, especially during the holidays. I miss those times very much and it is no wonder that I started to dream of them.



Don actually helped me get my first job on Wall Street on the New York Stock Exchange. He was a very nice man, tall and handsome. His ex-wife Vicky is one of my mother's best friends. She was Mayor of Beverly Hills for a while.

Don died after a fight with cancer and it was a long painful process that left him debilitated for many months. I remember his smile and his good nature.

Today is a bright sunny day in Florida and the cars are just zipping by along the road. Brian and George need me to take them to the Wal-Mart and I'm pretty tired and not looking forward to it. What I really need is some coffee to wake me up.

The dreams I have of home always fill me with sadness for the good old days. My father always made life comfortable for us and after he died things became a real

struggle for me. It's hard not having someone like him there to share my life's experiences with, to encourage me and provide me with emotional support. I miss his guidance and particularly his sense of humor.

The day goes by slowly and there is basketball on television. I am writing in the bedroom and most of my roommates have gone out for the day. I am tired and lay around in bed for a time and sleep.

I still haven't heard from Theo in a long time and I am wondering how he is doing. He's got a job as a bar back at a place called the Banana Boat in Boynton Beach so I know he's working hard and doesn't have a lot of time for much of anything these days.

I talked to my mom yesterday and told her things were going well. She seems very excited by Joanna's baby and the child is

due in six weeks. She said they went in for a sonogram the other day and everything looks good.

January 16, 2006 11:46am

Well I woke up late for Martin Luther King day. The house was quiet. All the rest of the roomies were either gone someplace or at work. At the other house Alex owns, things aren't going so well. Bobby got kicked out for smoking crack in front of his roommate and Ken got busted for smoking pot with Justin. I guess Ken got a hotel room when he got booted, nobody seems to know. Justin was allowed to stay because he "came clean" or admitted to Alex what he had done.

I had a dream about taking tickets at a strip club that was kind of frightening. I certainly don't want to be doing that as an

old man. What a strange disgusting job that must be, eh?

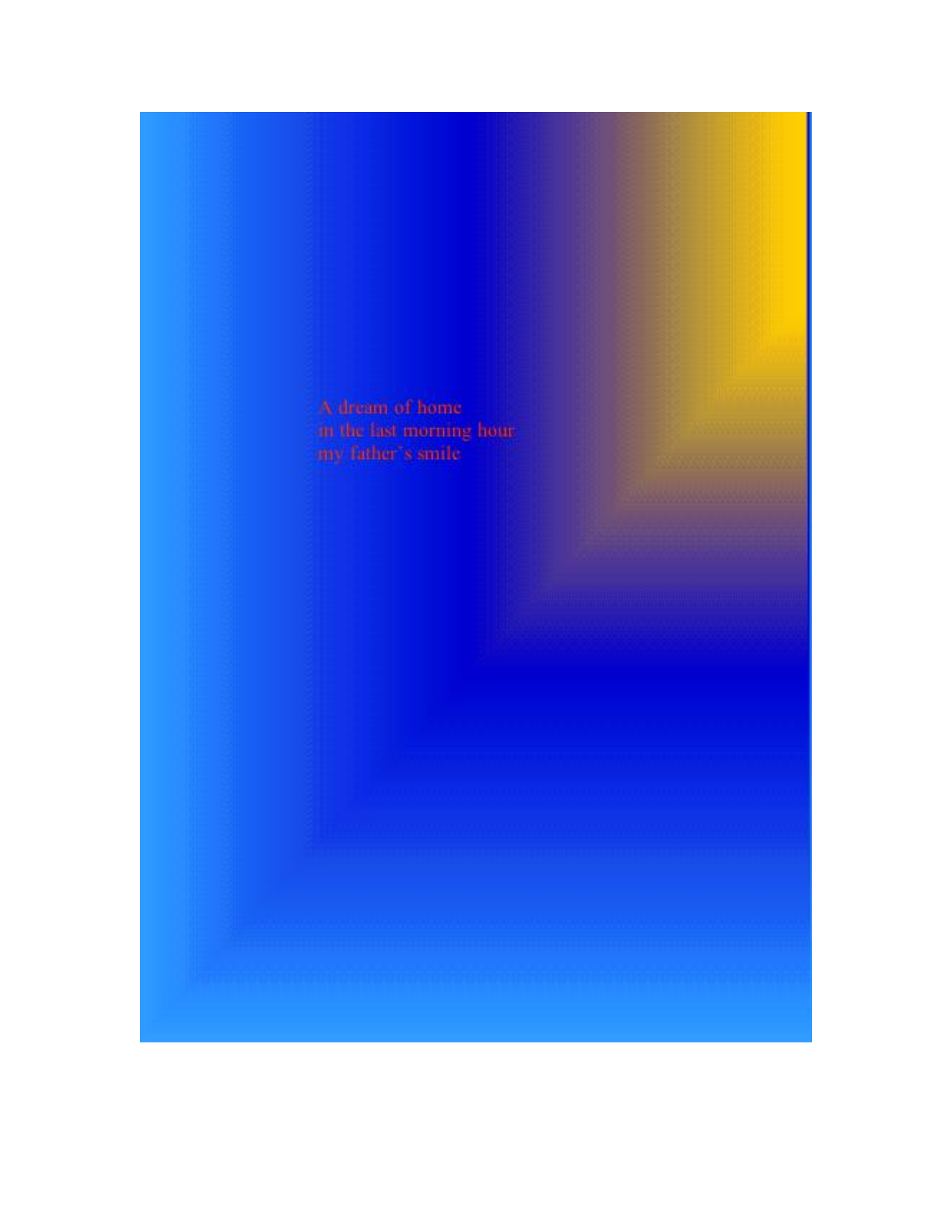
I am doing some laundry and typing away. The season premiere of “24” with Kiefer Sutherland came on last night and it was really a spectacular beginning. What a job he is doing with that project. He must be getting paid a fortune by now.

For some reason, the internet isn’t working so I’m stuck offline unable to answer e mails or anything. I am thinking about heading over to the library in a few minutes but I still have the laundry going. George left me a note on the bathroom mirror that says pick up some cream of mushroom soup for dinner. I guess we are having chicken again.

It’s a lovely day today. The sun is out and it’s not too windy. It’s been getting really cold at night though. All this drama

in the houses is incredible. Kevin got kicked out because his dog was chewing up the house and I think we all knew that was coming.

I spend the whole day editing my poetry and it comes to 104 pages or so. A lot of the writing was embarrassing so I kept it out but I thought some of it was decent.



A dream of home  
in the last morning hour  
my father's smile

May 8, 2008

Two years later and the internet still doesn't work. Funny how the time goes by. I am going to school at Palm Beach Atlantic University and studying organizational management. I have enough units to graduate the University of California at Berkeley but they will not let me have my degree. They tell me that they can add the units but not average the grades so my point average is too low for a degree. I think it is b.s. and after all that work they should have given it to me. So I continue to study at Palm Beach. Anyways, the entire 2007 and went by without a days work and I filed my suit against Scientology and lost in the District Court and the Appeals Court in Atlanta. The supreme court of florida ruled it out with a citation about slavery, honestly, I think the Americans seem to enjoy it.

A new motion for hearing out of time is before the Supreme Court and I am certain of the same old dismissal. It won't be shocking. America has become corrupt to the core, to the bone, beyond.

I guess the only thing that hasn't been corrupted in my life is my family and my poetry. I hope you enjoy it.

Applause


Then, loving you  
and all of my attentions  
remaining on this subject.  
Telling myself, the past  
is not the same as the future,  
only, perhaps, more beautiful,  
knowing it was always too late  
then thinking no, last time it  
was too early, and this time  
different. What can I say to  
influence myself more to  
love you? Do you think at this  
time I need convincing?

Then to say, all these moments



I did not consider staying would seem  
futile because it was more the  
ideal to let you find the time and  
realize for yourself what I was saying,  
when there laughter could not reach the  
depths of us,

I stood there mesmerized not wanting  
to control the future only to hold her  
later, after she had seen it, carefully  
decided what the meaning of this devotion




middle of summer  
and it's raining again  
put up the window

applause.

They gave you without demeanor and the  
clarity was a simple gesture that made  
culture and civilizations shaking in the movement  
come to a certain stillness  
remaining attuned to the infinite harmony  
that exists in nature

then, loving you  
was not so easy  
as before  
when we were  
less of ourselves  
and more open  
to becoming  
a part of each other  
and I find myself  
wondering  
what it would feel like  
to become a part of you  
and all the time not knowing  
or wanting  
applause  
they cried exit  
I said  
the door of the bar.  
All of the above,  
failures  
in my anxiety-depression  
withdrawing into an eternal  
glowing light

receiving you as a main attraction  
to the feature



The season empty  
of any joy and laughter  
lasted forever

## Allah Got Made

sliding towards first base  
trying not to remember  
the acronyms dancing across  
tables of my own trappings  
now, perfectly inflected by  
this shimmering cool day  
of reflection and

I remember how everything  
was perfectly completely  
quiet like never known an  
now more psychotic laughter  
from the clown at the table

what perfect mood to do this in,  
simply divine dreams of their  
own methods working and me  
trying to understand it, knowing  
how obvious and stupid it was  
all becoming to everyone that

the true danger was in the plot.

wow, how easy it is to see the  
reflections of their own anger  
raging again, fighting, wanting to

show what was left unscene and  
then not able to find it.

cylinders of mechanical waste  
we were aiming for  
in the despaired jungles of sand  
saying it's too late to throw down  
let's party and a solid three quarter trillion  
moslems on their way to Vegas in  
stretch limos headed out of the nerve gas trenches  
with wads of Swiss francs and ready to thrill  
what's left of Saturday night fever in Roma.  
they say arrividerci. they mean it.

everyone looking to prove the worthlessness of  
their religion and become martyrs to Allah for  
a down payment on the mortgage and a sears refrigerator.

## VAN GOGH'S BLUES

We wake up on the same day  
a hundred years later.  
It's a very long first date.  
The kind you hate to miss.

Now I'm up against the chocolate bars  
playing symphony fantastique  
in my lines going nowhere

walking the dirt walk towards Van Gogh  
making my way  
back to that concrete road  
where I crossed  
to the candy store  
with the dollar in my hand  
running from speeding Limousines  
heading for their movie deals  
into Kerouac's life screaming for more details  
and wondering about Cassady  
not wanting to go on without his  
funny arrested stolen drunkenness

They say we can work with you  
say that's fantastic, we'll take it.

'nt

all the things I never said  
all the things I left out  
all the things I forgot to include  
all the things that left me behind

Now The Blood Everywhere



They tell me now you should be doing this, or that  
and I am trying to smile thinking to myself  
there is blood all over the floor, all over the walls  
everywhere, do you see it? Do you know how far I  
have come? There is blood in the room next door,  
blood in the Doctor's office, blood in the hallways.  
The blood is spilling everywhere. I am no longer  
concerned by the opinions, the opinions that spilled  
this blood. The blood is flowing down the elevator  
and down to the streets. **THE BLOOD IS IN MY EYES.**  
The blood is in my ears as they scream and I am  
only seeing more blood and what I have known of  
the freedom that I earned is gone, gone in pools of  
blood from other people's ideas about the silences  
and there is no room to breathe anymore and the  
letters do not come and I am not surprised because  
the blood is dripping from the sky now and nobody  
wants to drown and the guy at the candystore who  
used to sing to me isn't singing anymore because  
he has known me long enough to see the blood running through  
his front door behind me as I come in for the bus tokens  
and there is blood in their civil procedure and blood in  
the catechism and blood in their casual parlay of disregard  
and blood in the letters that do arrive at my desk and  
blood in the newspaper reviews of my errors and more blood  
in the checks that never arrive and I remember the room  
with orchids in the morning and the jazz playing and  
coming into the room and thinking how pretty it all is  
and comfortable and I bet the girl will really like this place  
and now there is no place and there is just blood everywhere  
spilling from the ceiling and their sarcasm tastes like blood  
now and they smile and say different things that all mean one  
thing to me, blood. I take a breath and try to understand  
that this is just deluge and tomorrow will be flood and in  
the evenings I take the bus and last year it was the subway  
but there is blood all over that now and blood all over the  
buildings I used to work in and run out in disgrace, blamed  
for the blood I came to realize that I will never understand  
what direction it spills from and I go to the little restaurant  
and there is no money for food, just coffee and that looks like  
blood and wow I should have been a gambler because  
somebody's phone is ringing and they will answer for more  
blood and now me and Pablo Picasso's self-portrait are  
separated by blood and I know I love the girl with or without  
the words and who cares if nobody notices I need a bucket for

all this blood and maybe a sponge because it's everywhere and getting on my old man's shoes and maybe it's time to remember the blood rolling down the boulevard coming towards me like a bag lady with a shopping cart screaming for blood in the afternoons and maybe I was an hour late for work ten years ago but there's an awful lot of blood on the floor for simply failing to clock in and the police don't seem to notice and they actually write me letters demanding more blood and when I do not answer they send somebody with a clipboard and a security man who sits me down and has a talk with me in my own office because the authorities who pay his bills are unhappy with the lack of blood supply and they are demanding more in the form of cash and I pack my things to go and write the government asking them to maybe see if they can regulate the quantity but the constituents want more and are pressing for at least twelve more bottles by midnight and they scream about christianity and I see statues of Jesus on the way to the relief office but when I get to work there is a man at the door asking for more blood and I'm getting tired of waiting around for the cleaning lady because secretly I know she put in an order for more blood with the security guy and I wrecklessly try to bring myself to that moment when the saxophone was playing and the bills were paid but blood doesn't cry it comes like waves and notices saying please notice, send more and if I fail to pay attention there is a man knocking with a business card demanding more blood and maybe I should pretend I'm not here and they are knocking louder, louder, louder and fighting me like they need to drink it and maybe they think I am the bartender stocking up on it as they knock pitifully. I used to enjoy the view. Now I watch the blood climbing the stairs and chasing after me. Then I am at the burger joint and a homeless guy comes in and tells me there are rumours of blood and the state demands you have a license to carry it across parks and alleyways. I think that's almost funny as I count my last three dollars and spin out of the place with blood on my mind and blood on the briefcase and blood on the letters and the morning will bring another order of blood only it will be darker, more refined, tasting of greater experience and my thinking is in fragments of the places I once loved and the blood is in my hair and caking on my knees as they tell me I have no longevity and I think about that and remember Judy Garland songs and maybe they have no idea how far I've come and how far this has gone and I'm sure later they will charge me with all of it and I should have been in jail last month from the blood spillage and sure it's my fault, it was all my fault.

I HAVE TO COUNT MY CHANGE AND SAVE MY  
MONEY FOR THE BLOODBANK  
BECAUSE SOON THEY WILL DEMAND MORE DEPOSITS AND THE UNION  
EXPECTS ME TO PAY AT THE DOOR AND I KNOW THAT NOBODY CARES  
REALLY ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED LAST YEAR AND THEY WILL APPOINT  
ABSOLUTELY NO ONE TO LOOK INTO THE PROBLEM OF HOW I SAT IN THE

CHAIR EVERY SINGLE DAY WITHOUT A SINGLE BLOCK OF WORK. NO ONE  
WILL COME BECAUSE THEY ARE ALL ON THE SAME BLOOD TEAM, THE  
ONE I  
NEVER JOINED. THE ONE MARKED PAIN. AND THEY SAY THIS AND THAT  
AND  
ALL THERE IS, A TRAIL OF BLOOD LEADING FROM THE RECEPTIONISTS  
BAD JOKES  
THAT LED TO STARVATION AND BRUTAL LINGERING TERROR. NOW THE  
OFFICE MANAGER IS LAUGHING AT ALL THE BLOOD HE SPILLED  
WONDERING  
IF IT'S ENOUGH TO COVER THE HAMBURGER STAINS AND BEER.

I AM TRYING TO TAKE CARE OF BUSINESS, WALKING  
DOWN THE BLOOD CARPET  
WONDERING WHERE THE TIME WENT AND I DON'T EXPECT TO GET WORK  
ANYMORE,  
I JUST EXPECT THE WEATHER FORECAST TO READ BLOOD SHOWERS AND  
MORE TO COME  
AS I COUNT THE COINS IN MY POCKET AND WAIT FOR THE ANALYSTS TO  
FINALLY  
REPORT THE BEER STAINS.

He's the new gardener  
looped out in the endzone  
gardening with his lopper  
popper well he's fired and  
get me a new one and slam  
clooney is a lot of fun and  
how would you like a doctor  
behind you with a kazoo  
just before they put your father's  
lights out.

and i know, i know  
it was all in good fun  
only i'm not happy with my genesis order  
and plastic dreams of credit cards  
fondling in the filings soon  
cuddling, dance with them, they are like  
toys in the si of dances, gypsies raging into  
their disaster, a madness created from  
nothingness, I waited.

Remind me of the laughter  
you remember the way we  
danced in the streets

trying to make our way back  
moonlight slowly drifting,

no, it doesn't get any better  
than an eight dollar coke  
and moving with my one share  
into the darkness of a parkway bench  
screaming I am a shareholder  
and where are my bottles!

and they aren't teasing anymore  
and the fighting is getting absurd  
almost into darkness I came wanting youth  
demanding my youth back,

all the amenities and pleasures afforded  
what youthful pleasantries awaited them  
while me facing instigation and now see them

looking for the  
granite pour, the kind that comes like melted clay  
and Michaelangelo dripping in the rain like a  
raindog in the average night of smooth nocturnal  
blunder frothing at the mouth against you in a  
charge of unfounded rage looking for power in

some spectacular moral pleasure of anguish  
waiting coolly like the guy downstairs still smoking  
cigarettes making the time look unreasonable and  
empty as I casually starved to death like sitting bull  
in a highrise wondering about the wonderful directors  
who slept with my girlfriends and made me look crazy  
for loving them and the cash register ringing out in  
the oblivion of an ancient evening stranded in the  
bleak doors of history remaining calmly detached from  
the Buddha and seeing the mind's eye of Geronimo  
pacing in the green carpet areas wondering where all  
his dead ones went and they were keeping themselves  
together at the sake of others and getting away with it  
I knew that much and that would mean nothing is  
happening because that was the joke and it practiced  
into idiom and that brought casual calm collected silence  
that felt the air so beautiful with fear we could make our  
sand without chanting and screaming the anchor is away.

"then they get into this....  
we love the way the  
sunshine through the  
diamond ring and  
real delicatto

so, you made your \$20

and grabbed your line  
you end up in Bahrain  
because her daddy is  
rich

they say now it's bedtime bedding"  
there goes otis redding

you have to practice that line in the mirror  
and appear as the master of disguise  
dirty sexy in the elevator  
co-operation from the dirty nasty executives  
that's russia and a new suit for spain  
divide up china for the mongolians

lulu wants to put me in jackie o's dress  
trying to get me to the crucifixion

too much of things  
mental calculations

'what have I done...."

enough  
now  
thoughts of more rolling

the screen fading out with the last sentence  
i am limp emotionless, they get to our minds

think  
lotus flower

lotus flower

lotus flower

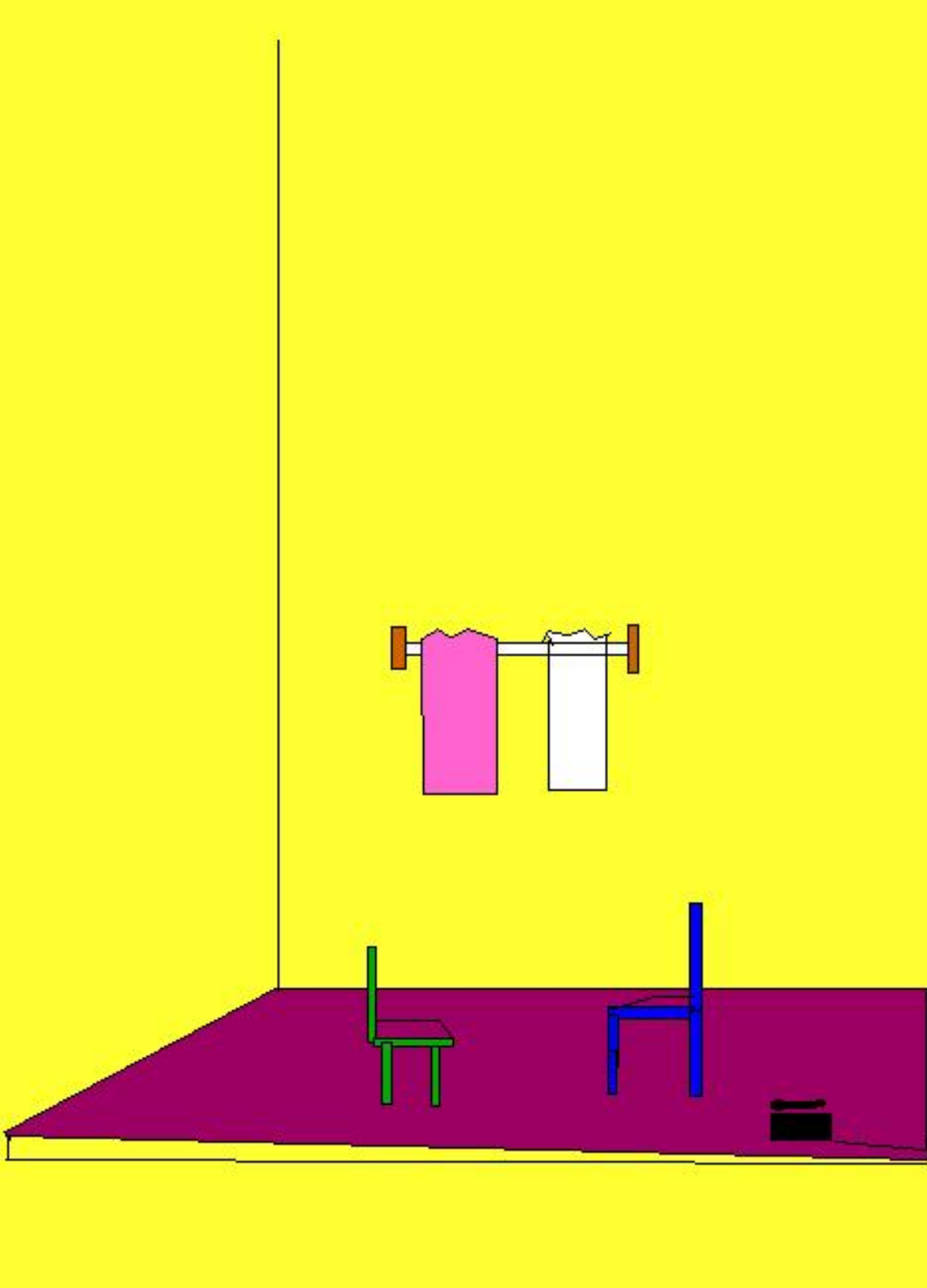
buddha

where am I without you?

v 'what did I do?"

"you listened to an idiot..."





trying to ignore the sounds  
of crashing beer bottles and  
nails pinned into the plaster of  
Paris on the wood boards as they  
danced through sonnets of  
exclusion and principality I

saw the girl in the chair and thought  
what would she think being there  
what sort of strange moods are these  
waiting forever

foolish idiot, they think you are a fool  
waiting forever

watching the disappointment of the  
mob limousine as you headed for the  
chess game and they say funny things  
to make them laugh and I wonder not  
what it takes to make them cry  
but why they want to leave me dying

wondering why their children get ill  
from the bad attitudes of love gone bad  
and silly stupid things are said that last

all those times in moments I remembered you  
and all the elaborate plans failing  
in the vision of your eyes I am enclosed  
my apologies  
to the waiter  
holding his fork in the rain.

## Very Underwear

What do you want  
please doughnuts immediately  
graphic designs are inadequate  
to make these.

now take off your clothes  
I haven't seen you like this  
in awhile

yeah baby  
just like that  
now turn around  
let me look at your  
posterior sections

perfect now walk around the bed  
let me see your breasts in the air

yeah, show me some energy  
open that window  
tell them they are all full of shit  
slam it  
then open it again  
and come back to bed

yeah baby  
just like that.

Who is Until?

then, hearing themes of til eilenspiegel  
standing on their empty gallows laughing  
they cried what a shame of such illusion  
as I groped in the darkness for her hands  
looking for that moment when she cried  
I don't want to go and knowing it would be  
so,

yvonna, yvonne

I want to go on, I need to explain to you now  
it was so easy for you to understand me and  
I felt bewildered by the way it was so perfect  
now aware of the distance behind us I wondered  
when the moments would turn into days and

yvonna, yvonne

I cannot tell you now what it was to be in love  
and thinking that the distance would fade and  
such a fool I was to deny you the pleasure of  
awakening with each other in the warm afternoons  
I was crazy not to give in and what was I thinking

yvonna, yvonne

I cannot go on without you now and the pain is spilled  
and if you do not find me I may perish in the logic of  
this fanaticism and there is nothing more to say anymore

I love you

yvonna, yvonne.

all the little doggies  
rolling around  
making fun of each other  
now paint.

blue streaks of yellow zip and orange  
calamity with green ornatons divided  
into purple rouge of silhouette and heat  
fire lillies of white flowers on her desk  
and me worried and that icibana and  
who wrote a report for the lubrication  
why am i walking away from this knowing  
and I should cliimb through the window  
and squat, maybe take the place by force  
I'm thinking as I look around the backyard  
where we threw the ball and I was always  
throwing it across the fence and lila would  
say we have to wait for the man to come out  
in his swimsuit and have his cocktail  
and we waited.

and he says oh yeah they sold the place  
and you are mistaken and I go home  
and I see the pretty asian girl and her little  
flowers and I wonder.

well, ZEN AND THE WAR IS OFF

Her lips closed in and  
I'm leaving because this is war  
and I'll tell you all about it later  
honey. Along the way, a whole  
mountain burning and we should  
have more fun next time baby,  
maybe go to the horses and they  
won't go so crazy. I wonder what  
gets into their minds; I know, I know  
they call that city planning and the  
construction rate went booming.

All these international alliances  
and groups devouring each other in  
the differences of what is essentially  
a perfectly co-ordinated system that  
seems to elegantly disassemble from  
time to time and reconstructing into  
itself in what has become the industrial  
revolutions

all these prometheun spills of words and  
toxic cold blooded filler from the media  
keeping up with us like fondue after the  
wedding

and why did the cook charge for sake,  
why, why, why.....

## Realize Nothing

they say you, negative  
staving off starvation  
at the bottomline of your great dream  
entangled by your own horrifying rack  
of meat in the shopping tent and  
giddy up cowboy says the slowpoke  
to the crafty fun guy who called way  
too late from the burger king screaming  
about nazi invasion, a sudden russian empire  
reversal, a flood of transcendental mobsters  
crawling up the chimney looking for Santa  
Claus trying to pin the JFK thing on him

and now I know it was impossible to ascertain  
the emotional responses they elicited so  
mathmatically

like a perverted logician on his way to chemistry class  
designing new refined ways of shaking the earth

and I learned long ago about the way the  
earth breaks in the morning

listening to Mozart in cafes, afternoons of  
slipping downwards, away from the tide of  
madness and time for drunken kurdish order  
in the misery of this unseen disaster and now  
watching the sudden victories appearing so  
elegantly on the television



Sand, Yeah

a little game of cucaracha  
on the summer  
time trail of their  
memories now suddenly  
cloaked  
in these

buildings of some future  
construction  
unrealized

and seeing beyond the stage of words  
lifting more into  
creases of jello pudding salvation  
the kind that comes with the muffins  
tell them we were way beyond  
asking  
at this time,

blues, miles davis blues  
more charlie parker tunes  
incircled flowing beyond  
intwined to new destinations and  
possibilities, exquisite,  
unwandering, I am seeming like it

again, finding Reuben at the  
elevator of the wrong building and  
suddenly remembering the Save On at  
the corner and realizing  
what certain fragrant breezes are these

Personification of Memories

She says I am wearing addict by Dior  
and suddenly I'm mad at the French and  
they certainly report all the best of a guy here  
in the States and don't they like to burn you  
with each kiss like here is my red rose and  
sorry there are no words left and give me  
one more taste of wine so I can forget this  
ever happened, you and me friend, I am

living in this music now, hearing the age  
speak to me of the beautiful secret unseen times  
when these lasting embraces became suddenly warm  
alive, touched to pen like I was saying

underneath it all we are sceneless dreamers  
you and I, giving our souls to illusion and I  
no longer seek the darkness afraid for these  
motionless freedoms of mine are obvious to the world  
and enjoyed by most, whenever the fragrant  
condescending words of these strangers meet between us  
I laugh and the problems we faced together are beyond  
my description now, now that actually our moods have  
been altered and changed and the only reality for us  
knowing that nothing has changed and wanting only to  
believe in the first original moment and forgetting  
whatever tonal changes came with the hotel keys

I sought to divine new lavish worlds of decor and  
move into the multitudes of panic, facing the near miss  
of these empty gestures every time wandering awake from it

you are like my answer now and I do not try to understand this  
or pretend I do not feel like fleeing from the knowledge  
that we spent worlds apart and sought to move outward  
in some grand finale of arriving together and what this means

when the red carpets are gone now, they no longer appreciate  
the power of their own magic and the things I remember  
of these jazz ages make me wonder what hold is a memory

finding my way back to you was more than a credit card application  
or the sudden summons by the sheriff or the final cuts to the  
revenue of residuals suddenly seeping in with my success  
it was a whole world kindly watching the cruelty with a smile  
that did us in and made you feel as the dirt dished with meatballs

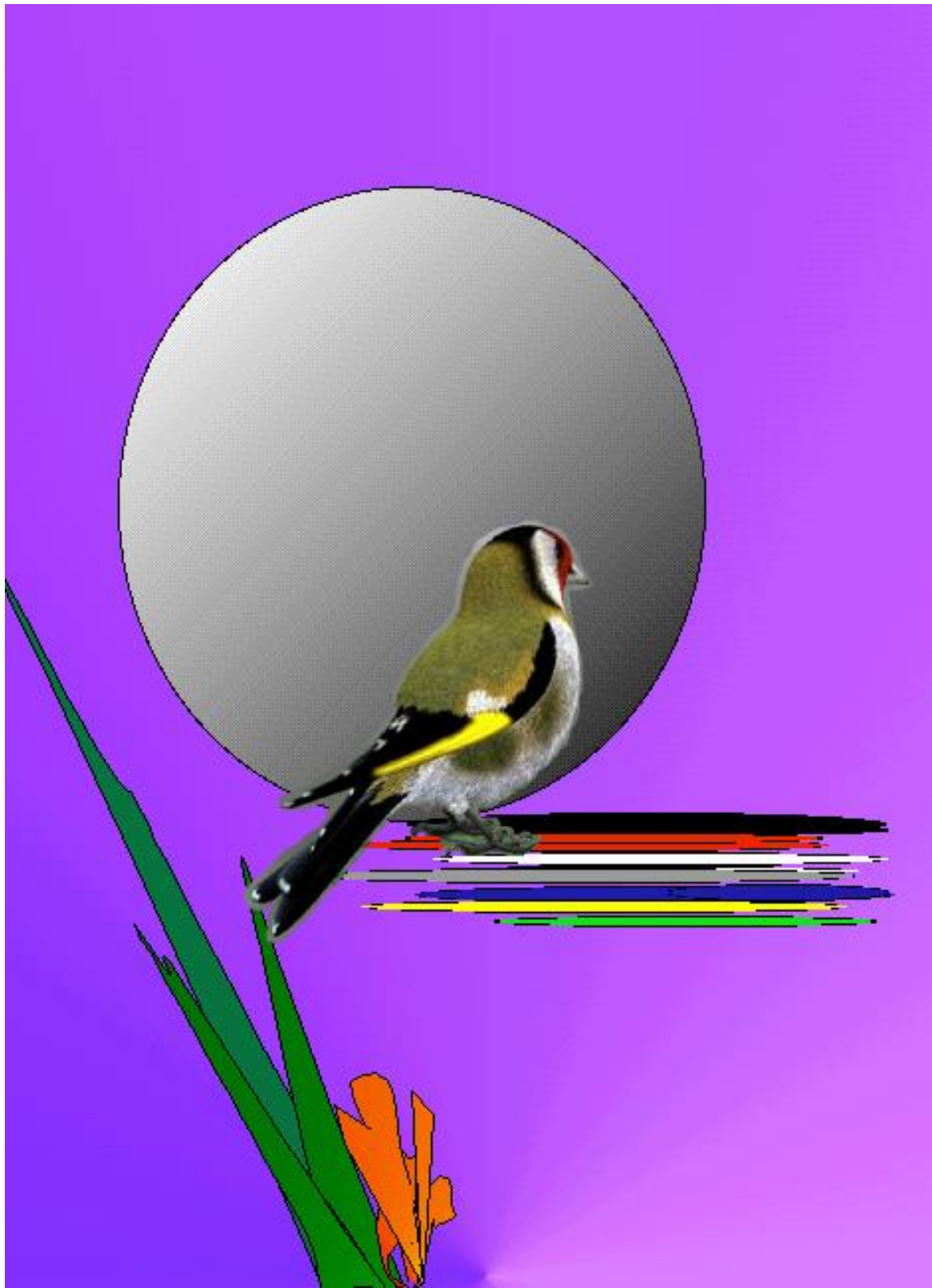
I must forget that I cannot make it happen anymore and remember  
all the great people who tried for me and those are the ones  
that will put it together in the end and when I tell you it was a  
smooth move maybe then you will understand why I felt bitter  
and all these years of loving you hasn't changed anything  
except now they have whole subdivisions of grand juries awaiting  
their own questions and how subtle is the remainder of laws  
when they become so elegantly manipulated that the neighbors  
are actually screaming about the parole officer's agenda in the  
middle of the night and the f.b.i calls two days after my father passes  
looking into me like I just arrived from Belgium or something

and at least the far out libels of my competition didn't get to us  
but we have been bothered for so many years now it seems almost  
absurd to think about what damages to list because there are  
no longer enough words to describe them and I only know that  
my health comes from loving you and remaining only completely  
in that moment and anything away from that is like death  
warmed over with disaster and I come forward out of this darkness  
in that memory.

Openly Moving Drama

tell me, you say Camus is a memory to you  
I think it's strange the way he gets me too  
I found this lately on the bus ride where  
well suddenly it just seems like noplac  
as every part of the past uprooted into  
this new day, I am wandering through this  
ancient military disaster looking through  
piles of wreckage, when they ask, folding  
chairs into trucks on some journey to  
awakening.

the world is like a doll to me, smiling in the window  
overtaking history with her little shoes  
what situations are these, tailored like some  
foolish plastic dream of disorder and tantrums  
I stood cold staring at the chaos drilling out my  
lines, finding them like, twist only, or push to open



At the Los Angeles Tar Pits

Sabertooth Tiger Bones All Over The Place

Yes it is true I have spent many hours  
looking into the blades of grass  
alone at the waters of this place remembering  
a million years ago when the biggest and best  
would find their bird and jump in too deep  
and disappear forever, imagining primordial screams  
far deeper than my own and lucky only not for this moment  
to be sinking in this tar and seeing the light reflect  
off the beautiful thick blackness of it all  
I realized it must have taken days to die here  
slow, falling into it, thinking all the time  
there must be a way out and these years  
sinking into it I saw a man on the bus  
with a walker and I sat under a tree and thought  
when I am old like that I would not want to  
be alone and what sort of stamina does it take  
to be alive like that tree at the tar pits  
bent and fragile, talking like the wind

## Windy City and The Waters

When it comes to this business  
of walking around and seeing through  
the ancient dissolute myriad of oblivion  
seeking it's crown of thorns I came with  
memories of Ogilvy's great French Castle  
and the tour guides making their way  
through the mass media of my sex life

I waited for subversion to find it's way  
into the residual payment schedules and  
sought to completely integrate what was  
an immensely complex system of distracted  
showbusiness

## Bus Journey

wake up  
and other indescribable things  
blaming myself for  
the millionth time  
all those things  
I never decided on  
those things to do

the alley becoming an alligator  
the ladies on the bus suddenly  
screaming new politics in Russian  
at the back of the bus, all of them  
in some secret journey to the market  
to dance with each other



It's Hollywood, maybe ten years ago and we just met again  
after I had been to college for the semester and she works  
at the pizza place at night and brings me home big slices  
and I listen to rock and roll and wait for her and we end up  
in a motel room near the music store and my best friend  
is the most popular hair dresser in town so we go get her hair done  
and now she's loving me and we get all ready to go and  
back to naked in five or six minutes and she drops me off  
at the museum and says because this is where I belong  
and that's the last I've seen of her.

sometimes she would call and say she was miserable or getting fat  
or drinking and drinking for her was like a sacred ancient ritual  
up there with going to the bathroom or losing another boyfriend  
and she takes vodka between gin and tonics and boosts into  
cosmopolitans and greyhounds and I should have been dead three hours ago  
but she's still drinking, talking about the blue light and how everywhere  
she goes she sees the blue light and she wants to know if I know what  
she's talking about and I tell her yeah, it's what comes after she drives  
home tonight and I take the carkeys and we leave and wind up finally together  
at her friend's apartment and she introduces me to Pearl Jam and Howard Stern  
and she tells me in the middle of the night she gets drunk and waits to  
scream at him and I say, oh yeah, in the middle of the night, huh?

and she loves me for that and laughs and says she loves me for saying  
something stupid just like that and she tells me I'm like  
Hemmingway only with my head still on and she says she gets worried  
because I'm not a drinker and that sounds funny to me also  
she worries about my smoking and I tell her don't worry  
so much, go back to drinking or something and that really makes  
her laugh and to have a guy who actually likes her drinking,  
she thinks that's really something and we are totally, wrecklessly  
pathetic at this strange stage in my life and her great grandfather  
taught Shakespeare and got killed for being a double agent  
and that to me is right up there with my father working with Bill Cosby

we get along just great until boredom sets in and her life is just a twenty  
four hour casino operation and I'm stuck in second gear or something

6.24.03

## No Laundry Money

They say they can't stand haters  
and I'm lying in bed all completely  
hated out of the system, totally alone  
now with these thoughts of what it was  
to find the words for these people  
or whatever they were, trying to forget

my times in the city as a child near the toy store  
and wandering through these streets I no longer  
belong to and with all that I am trying to find a way  
back towards a place that does not exist and laws  
they have to make you pay for it I guess and a guy  
just threw his beer in the gutter and secretly he knows  
I have two bus tokens and some pocket change left

I waited weeks on welfare and took buses to the place  
where we were evaluated and we went years without money  
and I was already on the brink of time before I met fate  
on the crossroads of oblivion smiling here is my answer

frigid, scared, tormented, violated, dismissed finally remorseless  
for the silence, left in the shadows of these forces I remembered  
Ann Frank knowing long ago life would again come to this  
that it was not never again it was maybe next week and these  
fine lines of virtue extreme them and lead us towards disaster

as they check mirrors wondering of their own appearances and  
laughter at the thought that from the richest town in the nation  
I could no longer afford to live and what that means for our country  
I did begin to wonder and maybe the joke really was on me maybe  
I was just first. Yes, the first one to lose his laundry money and  
Bukowski complained of poverty and went to the horseraces

while I could no longer pay the entry and the hate was thick and  
beyond laughter and there was no romance in it and I was

sure I had been robbed.

## **Meet The Criteria**

So here you are again  
arguing the future with dead Chinaski  
trying to make sense of his drinking  
and what should  
you  
care  
if he wrote  
sentences  
more beautiful

now it is hard to feel ugly  
in the sunlight  
as you laugh  
and remember  
he was poor  
all the way until the end

then he lectured at big Universities  
and drove a black BMW  
all the beats said he sold out  
and that  
to you

was poetry.

## **The Mad Gone Ones**

that line of people  
standing there screaming  
what have you done to our computers!

you would not believe  
how many assholes  
are in that line.

## Still Friends

You laugh  
I could take a photograph  
You never know  
it maybe worth while  
just to see you going in style

and wait...  
is that all you think you get  
well you haven't seen nothing yet

I said love could be worth trying  
you say it isn't how you live  
it's how your dying

well you, you don't have to explain  
I know how you got caught in the rain

and when they say you've had enough

you can say yeah, plenty  
while you tap dance for Manny.

just remember keep pushing  
when you run out of gas.

and don't forget to laugh  
don't forget to cry  
the way it hurts inside

## **The Final Joke**

You were simply out of control  
they will say for the last laugh  
leaving you there behind, stopping

in the silence I laughed for youth  
and learned these great things, disguise  
what deception?

Now there at the middle of the fall  
lost in the event of the fashionable

thinking maybe I should wait for autumn  
before seeing the sun at the Hotel d' cap.

I bring you flowers in the rain because they say  
I will be washed away in it and there are no  
answers here, priced out at the company store

I was refusing to see myself again, for what it was  
I remember now these debts as they piled and  
turning into shadows I wandered not unable to  
distinguish the flowers from the grass and now

whittled watching Christ on the line not able to  
split the wood and them coming with thorny crowns

## **The Puppet Show**

In another three days  
I'll be thirty eight years old  
and it's afternoon here.

The sun is out and I am waiting on a bench  
near the grass and there is a red velvet curtain  
for the puppet show.

All the children are screaming and I move  
closer in too watch this thing.  
It's worse than anything Bukowski now,  
not a single penny in my pocket for this opera  
and my stomach growling, well enjoy  
the puppet show, here comes the first one  
and he is a little bird and here comes the second one,  
a sad faced little boy who blows up a balloon  
and the yellow ball breaks and some of the children  
start to cry and a pair of skeletons start to dance  
and one boy can't watch it so his mother yells  
if you don't want to watch close your eyes  
and I laugh a little, my stomach growls some more  
now the suffering feels endless, unbelievable to me  
like we were denied the right to live based on a  
filed traffic ticket or a two page book report

and my world is dying into itself  
for no reason other than the clock is wound  
and there is no money for the bus, no money for lunch  
no money for nothing and that's the way it's been  
for years now, everyone greatly excited by the idea  
of mass extinction and global race war

I like this puppet, yeah, dance, dance,  
dance.

## **Who is Hurt?**

All the boxes cleared out of the office,  
my clothes in storage,  
the house rented  
the telephones disconnected,  
the money gone, the resources depleted  
all the novelty wearing thin

they say they are helping.

It's so beautiful to hear them say that.

It's like an ambulance arriving after a nuclear bomb  
wondering who made the call  
when there is no one left.



## **One Of These Days**

Benny says what do you know  
you are unemployed  
I say what does it matter  
I'll be dead soon

and sometimes I feel it coming on  
like when I'm walking the dog  
on the grass and he stops to piss  
and I think I could just lie  
down right there in it  
and never get up and  
what's the use.

Part of me feels like the clock  
is winding down completely  
and getting up isn't exactly  
a barrel of laughs and tired,  
tired of the bus stop waiting and  
feeling like a failure and then  
I see a Palm tree swaying in the wind  
and I think, yes, poet, leave them  
with that.

## Attachments

I remember heading down to the fingerprinting office to get my first cards done in the Summer of 1999 and finding this large building in the middle of nowhere on Wilshire and walking up the stairs to the elevator and heading up to just take in the most spectacular view I had ever seen in my life. Knowing what I knew then about business, I wanted the dynamics of my new start on life, my first expression into true independance to be a glimpse of my own truth, something unique and quietly all my own, perhaps a place that could be looked at through the kaleidescope of time without fractioning. I understand now the depths and lengths of perversion as these waves riot through church and more importantly how they affect the strategic operations of our military-industrial complex. I understand how the simple twisted agenda of malfeasants can get in the way of real, tangible progress from the digression away from what should be a natural order to progress seeking to destroy the works of others and that this leads to global, worldwide conflicts of unimaginable terror and strangeness. I have decided not to give in to these emotional aspects effecting the essence of our milieu while realizing the incredibly deep impact they have in our field of knowledge and while every new word into our culture and language was indeed, not new, their usage and

verbalization began to actually condense and limit

the sanctity of our lives it seemed strange to me that  
little idioms like "just doing it everyday.."  
or the simple attachment of words into our  
communications could leave us strangulated  
and completely detached from what was once  
a fully integrated cultural community.

## **A Few Guys Were Lower than Lorca**

Not Buying It, Selling it.

Lorca, now I know how they come  
in the broken sorrow of this moment  
I adore you and there is nothing  
between us except language and I

I realize now how enraged they become  
by the wisdom you possess in the beauty  
of your reality unfolding, here I am now  
my feet dangling over your peer facing their  
logical machineguns down with my own  
sarcastic wit beyond them and putrified  
they must have felt alone, wronged, indecent  
as I suspected I would love again and she  
could come out of a gas station at this point  
and be nobody and I'd say do you know Lorca  
and maybe she'd say no, never heard of him  
and I'd say perfect.

We'd get into her car and I'd say I'm not a rich guy  
and I don't have any underwear left did you know that  
part and she'd say yeah I heard it on the radio  
and I suppose I could fall in love with anybody now  
and the bounds limitless and wide I felt suddenly  
free in the bullshit like man this ain't great expectations  
this is worldwide global mindcontrol and I was just  
dumb enough to deprogram it with an even harder line  
of stupidity and Lorca I am sorry I was not there on the  
day they dragged you into the streets in the afternoon  
for your poetry because I would have given them words  
  
they could never forget.

## A Poor Try

They leave you the listerine  
at the bedside and a note that  
says have a nice day or  
get out, depending how they feel,

making you want to sell the  
record player on tuesdays  
in the midsts of rain,

it rained all night, we  
made love in a small room,  
the next day, they turned  
off the power and she  
went to her sisters and  
the furniture man came and  
took everything back and  
I sat in the empty room and  
thought what a perfect time  
for candles.

I walked around the boulevard  
and the police seemed to be laughing  
at me like, boy am I an idiot,  
letting that one go,

I tried to go back to school  
and concentrate.

Thinking back on it now, laughing  
how could I possibly do the math?  
what a pair of legs.

12345

STANDING SORT OF DUMBFOUNDED AT THE QUIZNO'S LUNCH

COUNTER

ALMOST STRANGELY AFRAID OF THE PLACE, LOOKING AT A TOWN  
NOW

SUDDENLY IMMERSED IN THE STRANGE LIQUID DREAM OF HELEN'S  
UNCHARTERED

RAGE FRAMING INTO CAMERA EVERY ANSWER FOR ME AND NOW  
HOPING

THE CHINESE WOULDN'T BUY THE CAMERA AND SEND ME TO THE  
MAINLAND

CLUTCHING WHAT WAS LEFT OF MY MAO TZE TUNG BOOKS AND  
WONDERING

HOW THEY ALL FEEL ABOUT IT NOW. BOUGHT.

PLUTARCH'S INVISIBLE MIRROR'S SO OBVIOUS AND CLIMBING  
UP VERNACULAR

IN BRUISED PITIFUL WAVES OF DISORDERED COLUMNS NOW TICKING  
IN LIKE

SPOKES ON A BICYCLE WHEEL AND QUAN YIN BEGINS AND KNOWING IT  
WOULD

BE LIKE THIS, FEELING THE NOW PLEADING WINDS  
BACKWARDS INTO WHAT REMAINED

OF SOME MOMENTARY LAPSE AND NOW WANTING TO REMEMBER  
REASONS

OR NOT WANTING AND FORGETTING ALL

I HAVE EVER KNOWN EXCEPT IN THE MORNING THERE

IS GRAP SODA AND I REMEMBER THE GRAPE SODA FROM

THE SODA MACHINE AT THE ROXBURY PARK WHERE I WAS EIGHT

AND RUNNING AROUND THE PLACE BEFORE THE BIG GAME AND

SO I ALREADY REMEMBER IT WAS A BIG OPENER AND WE LOST IT

AND AWAKENING TO JAZZ WITH MY DEAR FRIEND SANS SICILIANO IS  
FEELING

GROOVY, PUTTING ON TOO MUCH COLOGNE, GETTING READY TO HIT  
THE MODELING SCENE,

HIS GERMAN HAIR BLOWING INTO THE WIND, READY TO GO AND HE'S  
EXPLAINING TO ME

"I COULD HAVE FUCKED SO MANY CHICKS LAST NIGHT.."  
SANS SAYS TO ME, STILL FIXING HIS HAIR.

AND I BELIEVE IT BECAUSE SANS SICILIANO IS GORGEOUS AND I

REMEMBER HE GOT  
INTO SOME CAR WITH A GIRL WHO WALKS DOGS AND THEY LEFT BUT  
AFTER THAT SANS REFUSED TO TALK.

HE TOOK ME OVER TO THE DRY CLEANERS TO PICK UP  
HIS SHIRT AND WE HAD JUST BEEN REALLY DRUNK FOR MY BIRTHDAY  
WITH THAT BEAUTIFUL LITTLE MAFIA NON COM  
YVON AND SHE HAD ME WONDERING ABOUT ALL THE SUDDEN  
IMMIGRATIONS INTO THE UNITED STATES WHEN WE HIT PASADENA AND  
THE WHOLE PLACE SEEMED

INDIAN/ARMENIAN I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN THEN AND MAN WE HAD A  
GOOD TIME AND I  
WAS SORRY TO SEE HER RUN OFF WITH CHARLIE THE GUY FROM THE  
WAX COMPANY AND SECRETLY THAT WAS ALRIGHT BECAUSE I WAS  
STILL IN LOVE WITH THE FRENCH GIRL AND THAT WAS FLIPPING MY  
BRAIN AND NOW THEY WANTED ME TO PLEAD INSANITY AND

I WAS ALL SET TO REPLY "LET'S HAVE IT PLEASE..." AND POP SAID THE  
MOMENT THEY  
TRY TO REALLY PUT ME ON TRIAL I SHOULD RUN TO EUROPE BECAUSE  
THE FAMILY NAME WAS WORTH MORE THAN A GLAMOUR MODEL TRIAL  
AND IF I WAS GOING TO CONTINUE IN THE BUSINESS THAT WAS  
PROBABLY WHERE IT WAS HEADING AND THEY TRIED TO FORCE

A TRIAL THAT SUMMER THROUGH THE UNION WHEN THE  
ADMINISTRATOR ACCEPTED RETIREMENT AFTER TWENTY YEARS OR  
SOMETHING LIKE THAT TO PROTEST THE CONTINUATION OF THEIR  
PREMISES.

THEN THEY WOULD FIND ME CAUSING SERIOUS PROBLEMS  
AND TRY TO FIND SOMETHING MORE AND MAYBE ASK FOR MORE TIME  
WHILE THEY GO GET IT. MAYBE BY THEN I'LL HAVE TO ASK TO GO TO  
THE BATHROOM AND THE WHITE POWER SECURITY GUY WILL BE  
TAKING BETS IN THE CORNER.

VIRTUAL REALITY OF TIME NOW APPROACHING NUDITY  
AND TRYING TO IMAGINE  
HER MOVING THROUGH THE DRACONIAN UNIVERSE OF CALGON AND  
SUPERFICIAL  
LAUGHTER OF LIES COMPILED WITH NETUROGENA RECIPES AND  
MEMORIES OF LIFE

BECOMMING INSTANTLY FRAGILE AND COMPLEX IN THE REVOLUTION  
OF RUSSIAN NIGHTS  
BRINGING SUDDEN MEZMERIZING OBLIQUENESS TO THE HISTORICAL  
CULTURAL PATTERN  
OF THEIR INSIDIOUS PATCHWORK QUILT OF PROTESTANTISM SO  
BREATHTAKING AND  
AWARE.

"ARE YOU READY TO GO? I SAY TO SANS SICILIANO  
AS HE'S BUTTONING UP HIS BLUE JEANS AND LOOKING BACK AT SOME  
ABSOLUTELY INCREDIBLE BRAZILIAN GIRL, MARRIED  
AND HE COULD CARE LESS AND THEY END UP ALL HAVING DINNER  
TOGETHER AND  
SANS SICILIANO INVITED ME AND THAT WAS PROBABLY SO HE DIDN'T  
GET KILLED THAT  
NIGHT NOW THAT I THINK BACK ABOUT IT AND I WAS ALWAYS TRYING  
TO HARD TO IMPRESS EVERYONE AT THE PARTIES I GUESS WHEN I  
PASSED OUT IN CORNERS NOT WANTING TO SOCIALIZE AND MAYBE  
THAT MADE ME ANTI-SOCIAL BUT MY FRIEND SUSAN SAYS BOB DYLAN  
PASSED OUT AT PARTIES PLENTY OF TIMES TOO AND I NEVER WANTED  
TO GO OUT AND TRAVEL ANYWHERE AFTER THOSE LEGS, NO YOUR  
HONOR.

ANYWAY THIS WORKS OUT I'M SURE IT'LL END  
FANTASTICALLY BETTER THAN I EVER POSSIBLY IMAGINED OR  
MAGNIFICENTLY WORSE, ONE OR THE OTHER.

Carpet Reality

The blueprint is the highest conception.



N.M.A

Now more attention  
from the greenbandstand guys  
lurking around the frontyard  
dreaming and wow it looks like  
africans dressed in cdc gear  
with flamethrowers coming  
be careful  
it turns around when you get to  
the bushes in the desert  
and don't get me mad on the porch  
or I'll turn you out like the laundry  
old man because they got  
sulfites in this vino and calling me  
nuts.

now put this hostility to rest boy  
I saw your daddy got laid to rest in the  
plans too and you running for cover  
and bluejeans are for dreaming  
just like you, that's when

grocery shopping just got easy  
and you went to the telephone  
looking for the President who was asleep  
while the Sicilians were cutting the phonelines  
and you didn't blame the old man for being pissed off  
when he got up looking for his generals and

probably it was just a few bad apples again

taken in for attempting to rot the whole cart  
and old socratic charge of false gods and revolution  
and Pluto and Leo generations, theatrically aquarian  
like hair, in the gold hay of virgo and we could tango  
like a soldier in pristine solemn moon of cold hard  
happiness and when they say now we are not even I

I and I, by and by, buy, buy, buy, we need more synergy  
what does that mean when a perfect system contiguously  
existed?

can you assess these sets of demands in the congruity of  
physical entertainment and given their sense of what they  
have to do, people using to get lost and finding themselves  
I guess it is the nature of the carpet reality, look at it before  
Jesus.

they see and understand the matrix of entire thinking levels  
and attempt to seduce it. When anything can happen, you must  
be prepared to see through that? Christ could not see the men  
coming from behind with the crown of thorns because he was  
drugged in Rome. There is no seeing through it, you must have others  
see for you.

their philosophy was take no prisoners give no ground  
and I gave it away,

worried about the betrayal of Perseus  
and tormented by fragile remarks  
revealing the true motif of their poetry  
I took them down, deeper, deeper, honey  
into the beat, like a dream of some long  
ago kiss getting back from the market  
safe.

feeling like i could really do this now,  
really make it see for myself, maybe  
different or something i can't understand  
twisting, turning, to see itself, like the  
eye of the camera glimpsing into melee  
and no, I cannot ask her anymore  
I gave the words away

dropped into the can and waiting  
our tournament at the moslem monkey drama

# and then...

11/7/02

When I think back about how much I wanted to sing and be a singer, it makes me laugh. That song is playing on the radio "Hooked on a feeling" and I remember I liked the guys voice first thing and I played it on the jukebox maybe three or four times  
and we were in a resort town and I thought one day I'd be good like that.  
Things changed for me later

10 29 02

One of those complete beaten blisses I get, the kind that leaves you wondering about where the dinner salad went, everything bluesy and leaving you bankrupt with  
the old thoughts of missletoe and celebration gone into the ghost world now that the

perfect have taken over leaving the others behind in paradise. The ancient corridors of power ringing against your lanes, weaving you in and out of stories to fit their identities and reaching the principles of their unrestrained past you sat waiting for the rumours to pass and the silence stayed. There it was, so quiet and complete in the entirety of it's destruction while they spoke of anger and you watched enraged by falling bodies left in the wake of their jokes.

10.28.02

Missing my father then, was like a giant weight of endless memory of times flooding before my eyes and making it difficult to work, hard to sleep, even worse, trying to awaken into a world without him, a place that felt hopeless and terrible in his absence. There was such amazing and incredible joy to his life. The day to day struggle for existence in the world of music was a fitful thing. As a family, we survived, it seems, on a day to day basis. As he passed, survival became more and more impossible. I was losing the battle alone. Nothing was coming together.

11/8/02

I remember how it wouldn't hit me until days late that Pop had marked the cognac bottles and me and my friends would take little swigs of some fifty year old stuff and he turn around maybe the next day and look at me and say "did you guys drink this?" and man when he busted you he really got you bad. Some of the bottles he wouldn't even mark, he would just remember where the line was.

## A Mafia Serenade

You fall and love and can't make dinner  
everyone is waiting for you  
then they take a picture of your empty seat  
and call that one for all time

## Beaches and Water

not the sea,

underneath you is a world  
behind this is

what you make of it  
as your feet step  
towards the point  
vanishing in some unique  
destination  
lost to the soul  
that remembers  
nothing  
of words

I believe you  
when the  
phone rings and  
you laugh

let me say  
what it was  
in the way  
I don't know  
these conditions  
make what they want of us  
and we enjoined  
towards a certain place  
just trying to sleep somewhere  
and getting together to become alone  
was the most interesting part.

## Bed Weekend

I see now, the way desires translate  
themselves into ambition and the phrasing  
of enjoyment lifting them higher into some  
plateau of seance like trance and the dance

carrying them into some frenzy of race and  
religion colliding into the difference of what  
they wanted together and all the forces of  
other worlds pulling apart the unseemly and  
united in them by some tragic-comic error  
of what reminded myself in the unschemed  
explanations they offered for indifference  
wondering if I was upset or something how  
enlarged a view I would receive I can't  
believe now, it seems like a clarity of ideas  
bringing themselves together in separate ways,  
trying to begin again what seemed perversion,

looking to make spots in the Hollywood afternoons  
like an old cowboy western including italian suit  
designers and landscape refurbishing, things changed  
in dramatic untimely and incalculable wisdoms of  
variant degrees bending not exactly to a single one  
perhaps what I am saying is there is no true wisdom  
there is just the idea that they also planned to short  
the number two line towards Fairfax and as far as  
I'm concerned the bus driver is a funny show.

Sandburg was one of those good guys  
who kept his face to the concrete  
smelling the steel in the air  
wondering where  
the traintracks go

i liked frost because he made me think  
of nature and it's simplicity

then there was kaufmann who took



me over the mystical heights of rainbows  
and street urchins, confused by Mailer  
I continued to ignore Updike and  
excerpts from Bukowski made me want to  
work for the postoffice.

You Open a Box by TEARING AT THE PLASTIC

barefoot in the grass in the prison  
for that line about mike and the salsa

was it the horns of a cheap car dreaming  
or the signal of a slow square dance

fading into the limelight and swerving  
it seems my life is a kaleidoscope to some  
totalling my words into packages of dust  
for the fortunetellers.

the past holds such great memories  
and I feel more entertained by them  
as time passes me, wondering

about each new day, I am, truly  
aware of the fascinations these  
motionless points deserve, stupidly

I crawl through the darkness of streets  
living inside my own light,  
not needing to be apart of a scene  
I dream again into the flowing melee

of psychotic oblivion beyond us  
we design such ornate prisons  
for ourselves, everytime we speak

against others, I wished to be released  
from the desire and lusts lurking

in the hateful spite of the jealous  
and envious, gluttony; I smoked too much  
it's true and slipped away into the nocturnes  
of my own imagination, seeking to live

in the serene movements of my passion  
I was diving towards future with  
spurious competition wrecking my way,  
trying to deliver my surrender to some  
alternate way of life that I refused  
to accept, some delirious group of militant  
church goers.

they said it looks like you are dreaming,

I thought it just seemed  
like they were watching.

## Diva

Diva, did I wake you  
were you sleeping?

Diva, from the moment  
that I saw you  
I was dreaming.

Diva, can I take you  
through the weeping?

was the daylight  
just a promise  
worth our keeping?

Diva could you tell me  
what I'm feeling?

say there's just  
nothing between us  
left to discuss  
say what if there  
was only trust?

Diva, is this something  
everlasting?

## Blasphemy and the Fornicators

Welcome to Hollywood,  
everything is neatly arranged  
everything carefully laid out  
to detail the configuration  
of whatever history they have  
decided on for the day.

The fluid mystery of the stage  
disappearing in the nonsense  
of christianity, as these power  
mongers deliberate and sensationalize  
their fleeting rationality  
also now I find myself wondering  
what will become  
of my honesty  
in this profession  
subject to the blasphemy of fornicators  
determined to set  
their own record straight

and gauge the public  
for more money  
I wondered  
what would become  
of my diligent work

as I remained in the background  
they put me in front  
of these heaping insults  
and I wondered  
what would become  
of my decency.

All they want is attention  
and more cash for a system  
then there is a silence  
and someone waits longer  
for another answer  
and someone arrives with potato chips  
and says here is lunch  
enjoy it.

## Events of Virgo

It begins with a phonecall to the wife  
of an old english lord and ensuing disaster  
as ranks file in to desert them. It begins  
with a search for the right notes to say  
on a winter day because we don't want to  
forget the men who moralized philosophy  
into the exchange of human lifestyles that  
became tartar in the sauce of order ]

now say something  
to a government talking about power  
trying to correct what once existed  
of culture and delude a public awareness  
towards a display of their individual  
achievements.

9.20.02

## Feast of the Tabernacle

On the day of Succoth,

forced out of my office,  
trying to decide  
what to do,

not imagining it could be  
this way, in this age  
like the ghosts of a million people  
screaming into me, wait  
there is more,

now I remember,

everything was so different  
in those days before father died,  
and there was a certain feeling  
of security and happiness, fulfillment  
actually, from the achievement  
of our love together, we remained

forever enjoined by our faith  
we continued despite the truth  
of what was plainly before us.

Then I realized it would take more  
strength than I had inside me  
to go on without him and I wondered  
what bleak future would be mine

as I started to pack my belongings  
on the day of the feast,  
wondering where I would go.



## Haiku

The presence of this moonlight  
makes me believe love  
is a part of all these things

if there is silences in life  
let them exist now  
behind the kiss in memory

soon the darkness will fall  
into the flow of tears  
making a way there

I know when I see her then

she will be cutting flowers  
alive in the dance of light

autumn and the wind  
dying into a light breeze  
now the sky is dark

Hot seasons dying  
I go swimming in the sea  
and watch the birds laugh

blankets in the cold  
still I always thought of you  
as a good father

the rain not yet here  
I thought of the one moment  
you were waiting for

sounds of old feeling  
their way reaching into you  
rising to surface

season becomes fall  
all the colors start to change  
I am still in love

moon in black sky  
silence in these deep moments  
waiting for morning

I feel the whole sky  
with one single breathe  
just saying goodbye

rain yet to arrive  
wet on the old scenery  
making it seem new

sky twisting the heat  
in memory of love  
I saw you dreaming

autumn nearly here  
soon leaves colored orange  
will fall from the tree

solitude of dream  
swaying palm trees and ocean  
make life mystical

I had to erase  
all memory of myself  
to find a way one

the presence of this moonlight  
makes me believe love  
is a part of all these things

if there is silence  
let exist now for what endless  
kiss in memory

## Movie Helicopters Next

All these metaphors  
of what is right and wrong  
and what we are and aren't  
allowed?

the most important thing  
is that  
    we are in love  
and all of the mistake  
    in between these ideas  
become acknowledged before  
time

and the medievell accounts of lore  
    are determined later by  
revisionists completing knowledge  
from stalemates

## Los Angeles Fashion Network

You can look pretty too, with the Clairol 17  
and the phosphorescent jello in your mouth  
digesting Shakespeare like there was some  
great betrayal to Marlowe, not really able  
to understand where she was now, too far  
away from me and the earth saying hello  
while I am awakened finally to the plausible  
and shadowed by suspicious fluidic tide  
pausing and rewinding me like some unfunctioned  
clock and the time fortunate to be alive speaking  
conversations of postalworkers wondering  
where the mail went after they buried your father

and so what if the weave of their hair is unconcerned  
by your torment or leading you to anguish and nowhere

and the stain of their pressure pumping down on us  
like tomorrow could not breathe and the sky would  
disappear into some fading oblivion without a milky way

land, now I know why Columbus left to find you, someplace  
different from the mainstream, another place to be in love  
without the King of some country wondering where the  
jewelry went and remember, that was love, Marco tells me  
rolling over for another Shlitz Malt liquor and bugler, wow  
I never bought that stuff I tell him, yeah, it's cheap he says.

## Now feel the rhythm

climbing up your line o  
like the clothes  
missing in their drawers  
I draw you

like the billboards with  
their signs of broken tears  
and my father's old suits  
I think it's time they took  
the ice cream from your hands  
and say it's not all good  
it's nothing is too good for you  
and glow in the starlight dancing  
I freak into the discoball as they  
correspond about the touch of my hand  
across her dress, things they don't  
understand and I'm supposed to feel  
strange she has me coming on the floor  
and I'm not remembering ever hearing  
her name and my idea of fun is moral crisis  
for their eagle eyes waiting.

Only

ALL THESE BLANK STARES FROM THE GUY DOWNSTAIRS  
AND THE POWER MOVEMENT JUST FLOWING LIKE A RAGE AT  
THE DOOR, AND ALWAYS THEY ARE ANGRY AND I AM NEVER  
UPSET BY IT ALTHOUGH I PACE THE ROOM AND SCREAM  
HOW UPSET I AM AND NOT EVEN HALF MAD YET CLIMBING  
DEEP INTO DYLAN THOMAS MODE AS I THINK OF THOSE LAST  
PERFECT MOTEL ROOM DAYS WITH WHISKEY AND DESPAIR FOR  
BREAKFAST WRITING STUPID SADISTIC THINGS ABOUT THE MOONLIGHT  
THE BOYS OF SPRING, NO WONDER THEY CAME FOR YOU, DRUNK  
LOOKS LIKE TOMORROW COMES FOR CHILDREN MADE BY POETS  
IN THE LOVELY TRACE OF NOVELTY AND DEPTH CLIMBING FROM  
NOWHERE AND LEARN TO THINK ABOUT STOLEN DIGITAL MOMENTS  
AS THEY GRAPH YOU IN THE ANIMATED DISPLAY COUNTER AND  
I TRY NOT TO THINK ABOUT THE SERENITY OF THE BOOM MICROPHONE  
ANYMORE, SQUEAKING IN LIKE COLDNESS OUT OF CHARGE, REALLY  
GETTING  
MAD TEXAS STYLE LIKE MEAT JUST COMING OUT OF THE FREEZE  
DRYER  
AND SOMEBODY WANTS TO STAMP A BRAND FROM THE TIME IT'S CUT  
TO  
THE TIME IT'S PACKAGED AND THERE'S THE WAR.

THE ISSUE IS WHO HAS THE MONEY TO GET TO IT AND  
OTHERWISE WE'RE STUCK.  
PLEASE. I NEED A FAVOR. FAVORITISM CLASS. HISTORY OF  
FAVORITISM. DISPLAY  
AND INDEXING OF EACH FAVOR. FROM LUCKY LUCIANO ON. SEE  
MAYOR DALEY.  
BLACKOUTS OF CHICAGO MOMENTS IN THE HOTEL AND REAL  
PSYCHOTIC SWINGING  
SUDDENLY REMEMBERING MULLIGAN AND HE WOULD JUST ROLL OVER  
IT LIKE  
IT MADE NO SENSE AT ALL WHEN HE WAS BLOWING ALL YOU HEARD  
WAS PURE  
INCREDIBLE EMOTION PENETRATING YOU LIKE JAZZ AND THE WHOLE  
TEAM LEFT  
OUT THERE IN THE FIELD MARCHING TOWARDS GREATER COLUMNS OF  
FRATERNIZATION  
INTO THE PLUTONIC DREAM OF ROACHES IN THE SWEET AIR OF

MARIJUANA MORNINGS  
SPENT BACKWARDS AND TRANSCENDANT LIKE MHUDHARI THEN AND I  
DON'T WANT TO DANCE OR REMEMBER ELTON JOHN ANYMORE JUST  
TAKE OFF YOUR CLOTHES.

THEN, A SUDDEN MEMORY OF BURYING THE TOYS IN THE  
BACKYARD AND  
SOME STRANGE STUPID NEED TO BE REMEMBERED IS PERHAPS  
PRIMAL, LIKE  
THE BODY TRYING TO POST SIGNPOSTS FOR ITSELF LATER TO FIND IN  
THE MEMORY  
OF WHAT WAS LOST. THIS WAS THE STRANGE SAVAGE SEDUCTION OF  
THIS WAR  
AND I WAS COWARDLY LOST IN THE GIRL AND THE CLOSER I WANTED  
TO BE THE FARTHER  
THEY TOOK ME APART, DRILLING ME LIKE OIL IN THE SPLATTERING  
PUDDLES OF RAIN WITH HEY SEXY AND IT COULD BE ALOT WORSE SO  
THEN I FEEL LIKE GETTING LOST  
IN THE SPILLAGE OF IRAQ WOULDN'T BE SO MUCH FUN ANYMORE AND  
WONDERING  
WHAT SORT OF CLOCK WAS WINDING DOWN FOR US AND IF IT WAS  
TRUE ABOUT  
THE YEAR 2013 I NOW WONDER.

ALL THE TIMELESS BATTLES CONDENSING INTO  
ALLAH  
I AM SO ENTHRALLED TO SEE YOU  
HAVE YOU MET MY TWO DEAD WIVES  
AND NOBODY SLEEPS VERY WELL ANYMORE  
NOT MY DEAD BROTHER JOEY, NOT MY UNCLE STANLY  
NOT MY GRANDPA AL, EVERYONE IS WANDERING  
FURIOUS FROM A BATTLE THAT NEVER ENDED  
IN SOME GLOOM OF DISCONTINUED PUSHKIN IDIOMS  
THEY PRINT IN LITTLE BOOKS FOR 1.50 SELLING PLATO  
FOR A QUARTER.

OLD WORLD ORDER

THIS IS A SECRET SOCIETY OF NEO-INDUSTRIALISTS



COMMITTED TO OLD VALUES.

THE MISSION OF THE OLD WORLD ORDER IS TO RESTORE THE NEW ONE. THIS BEGINS

WITH JINGLE BELLS TAPES AND THE SOUND OF A CLOCK. THE WHOLE IDEA WAS UNDI MUMU'S, MY FRIEND FROM AFRICA AND HE SPOKE SWAHILI AND LIKED GUCCI AND TURNED ME ON TO FELA AND UNDI MUMU WAS ALWAYS SO QUIET AND HE UNDERSTOOD THE REVOLUTION AS A FLUID NEARLY EXTINCT THING AND HE WAS ALSO A BIG HUGH MASAKELA FAN. UNDI MUMU TAUGHT PHILOSOPHY OUTSIDE THE ROXY LIQUOR STORE BETWEEN BLAKE STREET AND SHATTUCK AVENUE. HE WAS A LITURGICAL DIVA WITH A COLT 45 IN HIS HAND AND HE WORE CHEAP EXPENSIVE WATCHES FROM HONG KONG AND DREAMED OF PLAYING TRUMPET LIKE MILES DAVIS. UNDI MUMU HAD THIS THING FOR ADVERTISING AND READING THE MAGAZINES IN THE LIQUOR STORE AND HE WOULD FLIP THROUGH THE VOGUE AND THE BULLOVA PRINT WAS SPEAKING TO HIM, THE BULGARI, DOLCE & GABBANA WAS A HALLUCINATION TO MUSIC AND THERE WAS NO SHAKING UNDI MUMU'S HAND NOW, YOU HAD TO KISS IT LIKE FELA AND THAT MADE ME LAUGH AND WHEN I SAW HIM THE NEXT MORNING HE HAD A JOB AS A JANITOR.

ALL THE STEEPLES RINGING OUT AS THEY CLIMBED THROUGH THE DOORWAYS OF THIS  
FEATURELESS EXPRESSION OF THEIR CHRISTIANITY, MOCKING ALL THAT REMAINED OF OUR HISTORY AND SEEKING IN SOME STRANGE EXOTIC WAY TO DETAIL A NEW SYSTEM OF VALUES THAT WAS GREATER THAN THE OLDER ONE SEE HERE SON YOU DO AS WE SAY OR IT'S CURTAINS AND SOMEWHERE IN TIME THERE IS A TORN CURTAIN AND FEATURELESS LANDSCAPES OF SPREADSHEETS BEFORE THEM THEY SOUGHT TO ADD IT  
UP AS AN EXPRESSION OF MY LACK OF DILLIGENCE OR MY INABILITY TO COPE WITH THE SITUATION AS THEY CUT MY SCHEDULES TO SHREDS AND DESTROYED MY RELATIONSHIPS WITH VENDORS ALL ACROSS THE

THE NATION AND I WAS CERTAINLY IN THE THICK OF IT BUT GEE, HE  
HAD A CUTE DAUGHTER AND SHE COULD TESTIFY....

Pros

this time  
we could play like  
forever is tomorrow  
and never arriving

or I could run not  
wanting to understand  
why I feel this way

feeling unavailed by  
these sentiments of  
meek disasters painted

like a mirror of lives  
once between us, now

this time  
I could say blessed  
is the earth

there was no grounds  
for protest or complaint  
except common lies bent  
to delay our plans and display  
the business as impractical.

## Poetry In Motion

You are, poetry in motion, kid  
like the flowers in the rain  
dangling for their lives  
blending with the mud

become a part of it,  
make yourself feel  
the way a dandelion can  
when the sun is out

make sure you are certain  
of the road you are on  
or don't take it....

you are poetry in motion kid,  
because the wonderful part  
of life is that when you realize  
that you are going the wrong way  
you can turn around and get there.

youth  
like calm  
breaking through  
giant doors  
more pleads  
of darkness  
between light  
and sleep  
it feels  
like tomorrow  
would be a difference.

memories of the big car  
in the parkinglot  
and the Welch moon  
dreaming of his cigar  
for the holy bible  
and a Florida beach condo  
he says guns all day and I  
play guitar and like it that way  
sure, sure, cheap talk  
from the big radio room  
I knew the man who used to sell  
the bands, they called it  
frequency  
and filed them all away

## **REVOLTING - blue gauche on canvas**

Slowly now, I turn to see you Henry  
there at the pond in your white suit and  
white hat and burning einstein's pages  
I thought of priests and karaoke music  
as the north koreans ordered nuclear weapons  
and thoughts of old Bill in his suspenders  
walking around the mall with his pickpockets  
and art thieves in place and say I love you Joan  
and everything seems so complicated the way  
it always was for me and beached like a whale  
in Bruehl's beauty, memories of candlelight and  
that guy at Pico who turned me on to cucaracha  
and I wish I had never heard that song and Henry says

learn to play flamingo

I say WHAT?

He says flamingo, it's mexican it comes from pulling  
on the strings it has nothing to do with the blowtorches.

## A Folk Singer

After I quit school to play music  
my father took me to a deli  
and wanted to know what  
I was going to do with my life  
and I told him maybe I'd be a  
great folk singer.

He said there aren't any great folk singers  
there's just a few guys who travel all the time  
playing in crowded smokey clubs  
to crowds that never appreciate them enough

I ordered the scrambled eggs and  
he was really worried.

**you just sit down there  
in your wireless shoes  
tell me how it goes**

**tell me the one about....**

**the lady with the umbrella at the theatre**

**show me the green umbrella  
at the statue near the courthouse**

**show me the design of the afterthought  
of the after outrage and the hereafter,  
the heretofore and who is listening?**

**we see you dreaming there, your  
listless minds falling like the weekend  
coming early and hark who goes there,**

**more dread and torment followed by  
profuse sweating and I am tuning up the  
computer to record the decibel levels  
of the wood saw across the street.**

you come into the room  
he tells you not to shout  
you whisper hey I love you  
what's this all about?

he says voting polls and Cuban wars  
this an'it I'm stuck in mud,  
it's just I said too much  
a nasty old Disney cartoon

you think it's just a game  
the way they run the bout  
but all of the shouting's over,

I came from the bus stop  
to turn the off lights on

you can blame the old man in the zoo,  
he's not really with it,  
it's just these conditions

they come to change the prescipation  
they found the sugar in the cake  
when they came looking

Mom was in the kitchen cooking,  
it waa really all over  
into a world going nowhere.



**What golden sorrows are mine**  
born into these fragile emotions  
verily, verily we advance into them

please said the night to the morning  
let me come into you.

I followed my heart into these dreams...  
if they ask for knowledge  
of what I discovered,

**tell them I received pleasure**  
from wind blowing through leaves  
watching them move in their ways

I was accused of being guilty  
for seeing them fall  
as I walked from sidewalks  
and cafes

they offered me pills instead of food  
and I learned what it was to eat words

I searched for them everywhere  
and they made my love complete

I awakened each morning into greater  
and greater tragedy

I learned to laugh at myself  
at times  
it was all I had.

**What golden sorrows are mine?**

## These Words

when I am with you  
time will be still  
and the beauty  
of words, these words  
will find you

when I am with you  
these days of some  
other past will reach  
a future I cannot see

my aging love  
for these times  
will become suddenly  
ageless and without  
end

my eyes will no longer see  
and yours, beyond me  
will look back and forward  
through sky and trees  
oceans and earth

these words, you will learn  
to think beyond them.

## They Must Have Ordered Lunch Without Me

third Christmas in a row  
without money to buy gifts,  
those feelings of failure  
piling up like snow  
on the missletoe,

third season complete in my mistakes  
waiting for discussions to end,  
years they come and go  
they can replay the film  
while I search my pockets for change

they talk of love  
and what it means  
all this beautiful Christmas spirit  
unaffordable to me

I have such wonderful memories  
of incredible holidays  
filled with joy and laughter

they are very distant now  
like a boat sailing away  
to another place

I wave to my love  
from across the oceans  
they keep us captive  
to their morality

I wrote these words  
to let you know  
even without the gift wrapping  
I love you.

they say hushhhh  
everything came with such a rush  
all the emotions of a blush

you speak to me  
tell me about all the things you miss  
talk about your daddy and one more kiss

I realize  
time is not the essence just a prize  
soul is something greater  
then foolish pride

did you think about  
all the silly words that got in the way  
what the world might have been with one o.k?

they say hushhhh  
everything came with such a rush

all the emotions of a blush

## The Good Age and Sea

Like the wind flapping against the water  
leaving you breathless, hoping for another day  
say time has no moment for me and that is good,  
the way it should be, doors closing behind you in  
the rush of tragic human events undoing you and  
these motionless patterns of thought transcending  
now, what you have been, what you have become,  
these blues bargaining you beyond the windows of  
your own imagination towards a closer place of  
fear, winding you up, like silly string at the parade  
as they walk by laughing and you have to love the  
riots and marketplace crowding with strangers, here

## The Feeling Is Poetry

Winter coming on and the streets wet with rain,  
thoughts of  
what if I am failing  
this game of life?

wondering around the downstairs kitchen  
looking for the ice cream

I delight in the idea that my words  
live beyond me

and the feeling is truly  
poetry

thoughts of what will I do  
in the morning  
after the rain is gone

and the afternoons empty,  
without money, without work,  
there is the meager sentiment of reality  
closing me in, blurring my distinctions

torn into the emptiness, crawling through it  
like a baby on the floor  
making my way  
towards the livingroom door

I resigned myself to defeat  
and remained calm  
although  
nothing remained but the words.

## The Curve Balls

I remember the first year of little league  
I wanted to be a great pitcher  
maybe another Sandy Koufax  
and I tried out for the position  
and threw a couple of curve balls that  
didn't quite make it across the plate  
so they put me in right field  
where nobody ever seemed to hit  
and I waited out there all season  
sort of wondering what I was doing there  
and in that second to last game  
somebody hit a hard one into center field  
and the outfielder just missed it  
got blood all over his uniform,  
when it caught him in the face  
and I was glad to be playing right field

the corridors and filled with men  
who watch television in the afternoons  
and go outside to smoke cigarettes.

there is a corner store  
where I go at night  
to eat fried chicken  
and sometimes it's pork chops  
that just looks like fried chicken  
and I buy a couple of sodas  
and some of the men ask me  
if I fought in the war, if I'm a  
veteran and I laugh and tell them  
that if I was a veteran it would mean  
the war is over and it isn't  
and I'm still fighting and I take  
a shower and go to sleep  
and they don't say much else.



## Stay Love

I was instructed too much  
and one day  
the sky divided  
into new worlds

created  
from the imagination  
of my own unlimited  
dreams

I made my way through  
the emptiness  
of these unfound pages

whispering  
songs of life  
to early morning  
waiting  
for evening to die

I slept alone  
in cold rooms  
reading the history  
of broken records

my mind danced  
to fragrant afternoons  
and twilight  
searched the rooms  
without me.

you forgot to grow  
they tell you in the welfare line,  
you forgot to clock in  
or punch out or check the machine  
you didn't get the approval  
you forgot the stamps, yeah, the stamps  
you walk away hungry

it's immobility it's loss of everything  
it's not caring anymore  
it's not feeling anything  
except  
the words  
they rattle against the spilled bottles at night  
while they are howling at the moon  
and the train rattling on at the station  
that old steamy railroad headed for the loch ness  
on their way to oblivion looking for some  
unfound monster scraping her back against you  
from underneath the world and you toss  
the looking glass while caught glimpsing in the rain  
it was there she caught you

We don't have enough religion

to make our own gas  
try to find the freeway  
before they make you pay for the fast

we can't get along  
the feeling's just too strong  
we might be right or wrong

I can't deal with this  
small town situation when  
the rapist in your head,  
carried a refrigerator  
full of powdered led

the guy with the rake  
he came to steal your fake  
show your good loneliness  
you wanted to shout back

at night a good fright movie  
to make him enjoy suspense  
hitchcock was special  
the army probably pays his rent

for this credit card girl  
I would pawn the world  
but that would just  
make her dizzy  
and we couldn't get any sleep

I'm singing piece d'resistance  
she's thinking c'est la vie  
I can't win the argument  
it's just a part of the scene  
she has to tell you something  
and I won't know what to say  
when the garden hose comes on right there  
I'll understand the way

# Raise

you follow a popular agenda  
in social revolutions  
that happen an hour a day

your world is spinning backwards  
when you come to see the fray  
it's a real world situation  
where the players like to play  
and political solutions between us all the way

you could maybe have a cocktail  
and double the order while you stay

there's simply too much exaggeration  
when they get the best of you  
it's like come and tote these fast words  
for our new living crew

we based our minds on politics  
and put it too them straight

while the fairies danced for jiggles  
in the private upstairs rooms

these keys just prove the rat race  
has an ending and a groove

so can I grab them and make my move  
into a radio tune

a song that never leaves the moon

One of those special days,  
the kind I never thought I'd have to see,  
one of those days when there's not  
even a dollar in your pocket anymore  
and it's so bad,, it's like you aren't allowed  
to carry money, it may buy food or something  
that could keep you alive and the blues  
comes along and says do you know where  
you are going and you are almost upset  
now saying I thought you would tell me  
and the blues is no stranger anymore  
or any unwelcome friend, the blues is  
a permanent fixture now, like a broken lamp  
or a table saw and you cannot exchange the blues  
at the market for potatoe chips or turn them in  
for extra cuts of prime rib, the blues they just remain  
and remind you of all the failure in the world

# One World Away From Tomorrow

The afternoon spent dreaming  
almost ahead of myself again,  
thinking my life is a cold place now  
even in this summer heat,  
in this drastic nonsense of creation  
I am afraid to whisper  
and scare the hummingbird  
from a place above the trees

and the torn pages of my poems  
folded into their silent space in drawers

what breathtaking desire it is  
to seek words in the motionless air  
trying to explain the wind

breakfast was cereal and coffee  
that's all I know

I wondered if I would ever love again  
and the scenes changed as I paced around  
inside, outside all the same  
searching for words

words to be a poet.

# Lovers

tomorrow,  
filled  
with pain,

and the next day  
filled up  
with even more

I will look at myself  
and wonder  
where I am

standing in this drenching  
pouring rain,

I will see the drops of dew  
not as rivulets of water  
but the tears of god  
crying for more beauty  
in what remains of the  
earth,

we are destined to follow our hearts I think  
and so many are led away by presentations

I was seeing my way through moods of  
torment and rage  
I was following my love for the trees  
you could say

and the way they would bend and sway  
through the winds of the day

it was not for you to know me,  
I was only a stranger to myself,

what I came to learn of words is that  
you must really love them, give them a lot of love  
to make them dance and alive on the page

words are like gentle creatures raging through the night  
they find their way to everyone and words are like  
laughing friends or cowering enemies depending on  
their hold or slight, they can trick and deceive,  
allure or despair, depending on their bent or snare,

I see hollowed out souls in the afternoon  
they give me hellos and they ask me friendly  
questions they already know the answers for,

I was destined to do unusual things,  
bringing these words into being,

I was destined to sing the praises of afternoon light  
and reason fell victim to insight,



My broken tears  
they come from thinking of the days  
life was good  
and Willy Mays was still playing.

Virtual machinery  
had not yet arrived  
to explain to us

the situation.

realizing that I was not a stranger to myself  
I simply waited in the time lingering  
on like the music of a Garbo movie  
and realizing the infinite new born day  
there came several instances  
where I was captured and revealed  
into a limitless sorrow and  
pristine can describe the séance  
of people moving along without me  
in the deserted nights of  
this scene.

undermined in my determination to exist  
I wandered through ignorance  
towards some branded featureless landscape  
of contaminated evidence

## The Night Has A Funny Way Of Making You See Less

The darkness,  
my friend,

is no stranger to the solitude.

begin again  
says the sun to the morning

begin again  
from where I left off

there was no beginning

there was only

drama.

You lift up your glass  
and remember  
something.

## Just Not Done Loving You

You fall out  
and wake up  
you're over it, yet  
you find out  
the future  
is all that you get

eyes that keep closing  
maybe soon opening then,

you're backwards  
and losing  
the moment you try to regret

it's something  
you learn of  
and maybe soon  
think you forget

it's climbing  
and reaching,  
touching, a feeling  
just not done loving you yet.

I will glow now,  
I will dance upon this page,  
these words will be my music,  
they will sing  
of ages and tell stories of time,

I will try somehow to find the meaning  
of my life and search the world for  
my own answers

sometimes I will not find them  
some things are left in mystery  
that is the magic of the unknown

I will laugh and I will cry  
I will live and I will die

I will rest and I will awaken  
there will be moments of silence  
and others,

I kiss your lips  
you know  
they taste like wine

love is such a stranger  
dear laughter

I smell the roses  
they are red and yellow  
the air filled with fear  
I am far away love

wishing you near.

If I could taste your lips  
sweeter than wine  
my destroyed life  
could seem divine

what I needed were opportunities  
instead there was a rug  
pulled out from under me

the wool, they put it over your eyes  
they are so clever, coming disguised

remember it's a free country  
when they come to check up on you

the mystery of life unfolds  
as we age,  
getting older  
is no saving grace,  
we learn to accept ourselves  
in all our  
incandescent  
rage,

what a pity it is to  
feel beautiful  
and die  
in the back seat of  
a car  
on the way to the hospital

choking on liquor  
and remembering  
love

no more sentiments of lovers and strangers  
beckoning the night forward  
no more wars fought in unfamiliar places  
for lost causes and with high hopes  
no more gas lines caused by disaster  
neighbors screaming at each other  
in the bleak memory of daylight  
no more treachery from government  
hell bent on sending our youth into the fray  
no more waiting around for love to call  
at the beginning of a new day  
no more standing around  
listening to tyrants and dictators  
telling us who we are and what they expect from us  
no more distance between us  
in the elegiac laughter of circumstance frolicking  
on Mozart and sucking candy canes till  
our faces turn red

I came to destroy fantasy of how the world should work  
and offer my solace to the readership  
trying to understand where the day went  
in the sunlight of tomorrow  
rests a new hope  
that mankind will be forever renewed



perfect resonance of interaction  
between  
human beings  
exists  
between streetlights  
and in  
shopping malls,

sharing doorways  
and  
growing old together  
clutching each other  
in the sunset  
of a breathtaking  
tomorrow,

we released ourselves from bondage  
and relinquished our souls  
to each other  
in the twilight of new days  
beginning again

there was no actual distance between  
us, only small ideas  
by great thinkers  
trying to weld their way  
into the mindset  
of the general public.

We dated ourselves and  
looked for ways to reach bliss.

# Babylon Blues

you continue to  
just lie there  
and dream  
or something

lay  
le

losing you  
was so easy  
when faced  
with the truth

of how  
perfect it is  
alone

when seeking perfection  
I have learned never  
to underestimate  
my own self destructive  
tendency to fail

at critical times  
and I leave work realizing

I am fighting

the devil.

blurry eyed and bewildered  
you stumble through the words  
of Beaudelaire and into the bleak  
hours of night reminded of Shakespeare  
and his commitment to the theatre  
you raged about the complexity of  
these myths burning their edges  
beside you like some metal wheel  
sparking in the afternoon as you  
walk through the dewey grass and  
remember the beloved times when  
the daffodils sang louder than they do now  
and the opera sounding like a wheel of  
homeless junk and bottles before the  
truck passes and cars whizzing by with air  
going anywhere, I need to understand what  
I know of destiny is only sweet refrain and  
the sounds of the police sirens screaming towards  
unique destinations as the wines come up  
beyond the bus stations,

forgetting what I know of gloom I  
let myself down with Dos Passos and his  
first scenes with cognac and cigars and  
on his way home aboard some French  
luxury liner, what a time it must have been,  
a time to remember heroes,

## Godot Isn't Coming

Tell yourself it will be alright and wait for him  
sometimes in dream a face appears  
the image of your father  
laughing at you and when you awaken  
there will be the silence of the room  
surrounding you like the timelessness.

So many times I have walked these streets  
looking for reasons to forgive myself  
for these last few years of waiting.

